

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES |
VOLUME LXII.

No. 3634 February 28, 1914

| FROM BEGINNING
VOL. CCLXXX.

CONTENTS

I.	Woman and Morality.	By Ethel Colquhoun.	
			NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER 515
II.	Steps Towards Reduction of Armaments.	By Syamacharan Ganguli.	
			MODERN REVIEW (CALCUTTA) 524
III.	The Promise of Arden. Chapters XII. and XIII.	By Eric Parker.	
	(To be continued.)		533
IV.	"The Men Hemmed in by the Spears."	By Bishop Frodsham.	
			CORNHILL MAGAZINE 542
V.	The Irish Gentry.	By Stephen Gwynn.	
			NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER 548
VI.	The Vanity of the Widow O'Toole.	By St. John Whitty.	
			IRISH REVIEW 554
VII.	The Passing of Children's Games.	By Vincent McNab.	
			NEW WITNESS 560
VIII.	The Robin Redbreast.	By F. G. Afalo.	
			OUTLOOK 562
IX.	Misunderstood : A Story of the Stone Age.		
			PUNCH 565
X.	Ireland and Ulster.		
			ECONOMIST 566
XI.	Sensationalism in Profit-Sharing.		
			SPECTATOR 568
XII.	A New British Antarctic Expedition.		
			NATURE 571
XIII.	The Cult of Silmness.		
			SATURDAY REVIEW 572

A PAGE OF VERSE

XIV.	The Brown Men.	By Will H. Ogilvie.	
			PALL MALL MAGAZINE 514
XV.	Gorse.	By Katharine Tynan.	
			NATION 514
	BOOKS AND AUTHORS.		575



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

FOR SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE Co.

Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

THE BROWN MEN.

Lean men, brown men, men from over-seas,

Men from all the outer world; shy and ill at ease;

'Wildered in the whirl of it where fashion's feet go down;

Big men, brown men, lost in London Town.

Men whose mighty flocks and herds thread the tussock grass;

Men who know the furthest forts that hold the Khyber Pass;

Men who sound the moose-call, whose camp-smoke, thin and blue,

Scares upon the springtime trail the travelling caribou.

Lean men from the overland with muscles saddle-bound,

Sighing for their stirrups and a league of open ground;

Hunters in the jungle, trackers through the thorn,

Lovers of the hoof-slide and the rope around the horn.

Men who made the mastery that might of Empire brings;

Men who built the barrages that bind the river-kings,

Men who built the outmost bridge and laid the furthest line,

Pilots of the loneliest ships that fly the English sign.

Lean men, brown men, men from over-seas;

Men from all the outer world; shy and ill at ease;

'Wildered in the whirl of it where fashion's feet go down;

Do we know the worth of you—lost in London Town?

Will H. Ogilvie.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

GORSE.

Many a year I loved the gorse on an English common,

Miles on miles of the golden cups and the nutty wine;

Cloth of gold for the tramping folk, poor men and women,

Still my heart said in complaint: It is not mine.

Here's a golden wall each side the hill we're breasting,

Never sure was the English gorse as great as this,

Grapes of gold from a golden vine for the wild bees' questing.

A world of gold and a pearly cloud on a blue abyss.

There's a golden hill behind us now, gold on the azure,

The dearest hill, like a little breast in gold above;

The lark springs from a golden bed, spilling his treasure

Down on the buttercup fields of light and his hidden love.

Over the hill we bathe our feet in golden water,

A little stream the traveller fords, so clear and cold.

But is it May of the leafing—the High King's daughter?

For all her green is under the wave of the leaping gold.

Over the hill—the yellow hill, the Spears are showing,

The Silver Spears are turned to gold o'er the valley's haze,

There's a small gold shower on the mountain and the river flowing

Threads in and out like a ribbon of gold through the Milky Ways.

The eager bees plunge to the thighs in a brimming chalice,

Their bag so full of the golden spoils they scarce can fly—

The mountain calls to the mountain, over the valleys,

"Friend, we are Kings in the house of Kings, both you and I."

Here with a heart fed of delight as a bee with honey

I sit like a miser counting the gold, nor shall repine

For the cuckoo's roaming the golden street, blithesome and bonny—

And my heart says to my heart: "Eave peace; this beauty's thine."

Katharine Tynan.

The Nation.

WOMAN AND MORALITY.

What progress are we making towards an age when reason and ethical considerations will replace physical force as the ultimate decisive factor in the relations either of nations or of individuals? Evidence on this point, despite the optimism of humanitarians, is decidedly conflicting. I propose to deal only with one aspect of the question, but one from which, nevertheless, it must be viewed before it is possible to arrive at any conclusion.

Although anthropologists may not agree as to the causes for the evolution of human character, I fancy none of them would dispute the fact that primitive or savage man was actuated by simple desires and wishes, and that his mental processes went little further than was necessary to contrive for the satisfaction of his various physical needs. No consideration for the needs or wishes of others would enter into his calculations at this early stage. Savage woman, on the contrary, in her maternal capacity, must have exercised self-denial and shown maternal devotion at a very early period in the evolution of the human mind. She was handicapped in the work of looking after oneself (which was the occupation of primitive man) by this maternal function, and that fact has never ceased to operate in making her, for purposes of social organization, inferior to man. Undoubtedly primitive man (like the still existing races known to us as primitive, though in reality far from being so) took advantage of a partner physically weaker than himself to load on her all uncongenial tasks. Thus the Australian gin trots after her lord on their migrations, bearing the household goods or the spoils of the chase, and the African wife hoes the meale

patch while her master sits in the sun and smokes. But the beginning of ethical perceptions must have taken place very early in the relationship of man and woman, when a desire on the part of one to please the other laid the foundation-stone of a future edifice of moral controls and altruistic ideals. As man advanced in intelligence he could not be satisfied without a form of companionship compatible only with mutual affection. He could no longer take what he wanted by force but must sue for it as a gift. Here was woman's weapon, and it is one which she has been steadily strengthening all down through the ages. Here, again, is the germ of the ethical conception that not merely physical strength, but reason and principle, should be the decisive factor not only in human but in national relations.

It is impossible to exaggerate the moral influence exercised on man by his constant and inevitable association with a being physically weaker than himself. It is true this physical inferiority is only relative and that in many climes and ages woman bears a full share of the burden of physical labor; but the sentiment of civilized man is increasingly opposed to such a state of affairs, and as a matter of fact woman everywhere, and in all ages, has been exempted from the more dangerous and strenuous forms of State service. The inevitable result of her disabilities has been to place man in a position of social dominance, and to assign to her a subordinate place in the scheme of State organization.

The claim for the final and formal removal of all traces of this subordination of women rests, therefore, on the assumption that the factor to which

men owe their social domination—superior physical force—is no longer supreme. It is asserted that reason and spiritual force are gaining such ascendancy over the minds of men that it is not essential that the ruling element should also be the (physically) strongest element. Could we give unqualified assent to this proposition we should certainly feel that we were well on the way towards the settlement by peaceful methods of every kind of contested point. The moment is not, however, a very auspicious one for such an assertion. It must not be supposed, moreover, that the claim for feminine "equality" is invariably based on the sweet reasonableness of modern man. On the contrary, a female school of thought is growing up which asserts that women are perfectly and inherently able to take and hold that position by their own efforts.

It is, in fact, a feature of modern feminism that, so far from recognizing that woman's social and political subordination is due to nature, the protagonists of "equality" assert that the female of the species has often enjoyed actual supremacy, and that her "natural" position was wrested from her by man. The high priestess of this doctrine is Mrs. C. Perkins Gilman, whose book, *The Awakening of Woman*, first published in the United States in 1887, is still the inspiration and authority for English feminist philosophy. Following her example a host of other writers derive courage in their fight for "equality" with man from the reflection that the female cirriped carries her little husbands about and uses or discards them, or that some spider-brides make a marriage feast off their mates. A more rational deduction would appear to be that the higher one goes in the scale of animal life, and in the range of civilization, the more marked is the physical difference which, for certain

social functions, gives the male superiority over the female. Feminists who are unable to deny this assert that it is due to male preference for a dependent and clinging type of female—in short, to selection. There is considerable truth in this view, but since masculine nature is not likely to undergo any radical change in this respect it is difficult to see how these conditions are to be altered.

The believers in a "natural equality," however, do not hesitate to assert that the female of the human race, in the earlier stages of civilization, was able to enforce a superiority akin to that of the cirriped. Mrs. Walter Galliehan, in her book, *The Truth about Woman*, sets forth the theory of an age of "mother-right," of which she professes to find traces in many parts of the world, and which preceded the organization of society on its present lines, where man is the head of the family. A Scottish lady, Miss Lumsden, LL.D., who is described in the Press as a distinguished member of the teaching profession, recently dealt with this subject before a gathering of University women. She is reported to have described "matriarchy, or mother-right," as "an old custom which prevailed among most of the primitive races in the world, and which, according to her, not only invested woman with the headship of the family and the possession of the family property, but gave her special sanctity in the eyes of man, such as is typified in the "worship of Astarte in Asia Minor" and of Demeter in Greece. "Woman," said Miss Lumsden, "was regarded with awe and wonder, as typifying the mystery of life," and was therefore "surrounded with devotion and importance." "Male headship" is said to have arisen in Greece, where women were "cast down to the lowest depths of degradation." The obvious moral or intention

running through all these assertions is that it is man, or the social system built up by him, which has dethroned woman from a position of equality, if not supremacy, intended for her by nature. I have selected three flagrant and public examples of the form in which the important subject of sex relations is now being presented to our young women, but it must be remembered that for one such "lesson" which finds its way into print a thousand, even more garbled, must be delivered. Out of such materials a "woman's creed" is being shaped.

It is not possible within the limits of an article to criticize these theories in any detail. Briefly, there is no reasonable evidence or proof that the system of matriarchy ever existed on a large scale, or had any part in the early culture of the Mediterranean basin from which our own is derived. The evidence is carefully weighed by Westermarck, and is shown to be contradictory and inconclusive. The most that can be said is that in some regions, and in some stages of civilization (not necessarily primitive), succession is reckoned through a sister's son (a son, be it noted, not a daughter), and genealogies are traced through mothers. This is the "matriarchy" of serious anthropologists, and they are not agreed as to its origin. Marriage customs whereby a man entered his wife's clan or family, either permanently or for a time, have no necessary connection with matriarchy, nor do they support the view that property was vested in the wife, but rather in her father or some male relation who was head of the family or clan. As for the worship of female goddesses, far from being associated with "awe and wonder," or "devotion and importance," these may have originated with the innocent desire of savages to propitiate the deity of fecundity, but they are known in

history as rituals of sexuality of the most depraved and revolting character, and it appears almost impossible that any educated woman should mention them in connection with veneration or respect for womanhood. It was of the worship of Ishtar, who is probably the goddess referred to by Miss Lumsden as "Astarte in Asia Minor" (though Ishtar was chiefly worshipped in Babylon, which is not in Asia Minor), that Jeremiah wrote when he said of Israel "She hath gone upon every high mountain and under every green tree and hath there played the harlot." In Babylon every girl had to sacrifice her purity to the goddess, and Latin writers from earliest times are full of contempt for the obscenities and excesses of these worshipships. What can be said for the point of view of a University woman who holds up the civilization of Babylon or Egypt as superior to that of Greece?

These sociological perversions may not appear to be of any great importance, but if it matters at all what we believe it must matter that young women are being taught, all over the country, the false doctrine that man has usurped a place in society which belongs by right to woman. A false creed, upheld by spurious history and still more spurious morality, can do an infinity of harm, and when this creed has as its central postulate a wholly untenable theory of the relations of the sexes its ill effects are likely to be cumulative and far-reaching.

From the beginning of the modern suffrage movement stress was laid in a variety of ways on this theory of the usurpation by man of female rights, as for instance in the effort, not even now abandoned, to prove that women had at one time exercised the franchise. The logical result of this attitude is the attempt of women

to meet force by force, so woefully exemplified in militantism. The claim of woman must really rest—it is the one logical foundation—on the growth of ethical controls in man, which will induce him to give her freely what she could never take. To ask for such a gift while calling man “usurper” and other bad names seems tactless, to use a mild expression. Similarly those women who proclaim their desire for nothing more nor less than “equality” are literally “reckoning without their host.” There seems to be a sort of inherent infinity between anarchism and feminism. Both suggest the abolition of rules which in the long run protect the weak. In an anarchist state the strongest and most unscrupulous man would soon be king. In a feminist state woman, deprived of the advantages of sex-discrimination in intercourse with man, would still be handicapped in the struggle for life by nature, and would go to the wall.

There are indications in our own country that she is already progressing on this downward path. Ten years ago the tradition still obtained in public life that woman, as a sort of honored visitor to that sphere, must be accorded a more respectful treatment than need be given to any man. A chairman never had any doubt, when introducing a woman speaker, that her reception would be in accordance with the traditions of the best element in that audience. The psychology of an audience is interesting and subtle, as every speaker knows. The same was true of crowds. Until recent years a woman could almost invariably count on the prevalence of that element which will not tolerate the ill-treatment of women or cripples. But all this is changed. Women are no longer visitors—they have come to stay; and in the matter of public meetings they represent to the man in

the street an element which demands to play the game without observing the rules. The treatment accorded to them has therefore lost all trace of sex-discrimination. I saw my first suffragette scrimmage in 1907, and it made me physically sick. I saw the last a few days ago, when several women were ejected from a meeting in Edinburgh, and one of them bit the hand of her ejector (who has since been seriously ill with blood-poisoning). On this last occasion I felt no emotion save annoyance. But if I am right in my diagnosis of the nature and origin of ethical and moral progress, the contrast between my state of mind on these two occasions constitutes a moral retrogression. Few people will doubt that this is the case, and that the necessity imposed on men of actually fighting with women has led to a resurgence in both of characteristics which we hoped had been buried under an accumulation of moral controls. The result may be seen in the records of suffrage meetings held by non-militants (many of which have been broken up and the speakers roughly handled, although they were being held in a perfectly orderly and constitutional way), and in the accounts of recent by-elections. At one by-election in October an anti-suffragist speaker narrowly escaped serious hurt. It is clear that her particular object had nothing to do with it, nor was she taken for a suffragist—she was treated merely as a woman. To one who has had occasion more than once to appeal for special treatment on the score of her womanhood, and who never, until recently, made that appeal in vain, this appears as the writing on the wall.

The hypothetical advantages of being regarded as an “equal” in public, and therefore allowed to get one’s fair share of any kicks that may be dealt out, must be weighed against the un-

deniable drawbacks of having to forego the privilege of being treated as a non-combatant. But the law of civilization has hitherto been that women *must* be treated as non-combatants, and the abrogation of this law will lead to moral anarchy in the relations of the sexes.

It may be contended that individual men have always fallen below the ethical level which forms the average, and that the social conscience as a whole is sound, and will ultimately enforce its principles on a recalcitrant minority. It is just in this respect that the illustrations from the actions of crowds or large audiences are so illuminating. The conscience of a crowd is a collective conscience, easily swayed, and yet having a very distinct relationship to the morale of the individuals of whom it is composed. The collective ferocity of a crowd of men concentrated on a woman is a spectacle some of us had never thought to see. Obviously, if the Old Adam of physical force is to be cast out in favor of the New Adam of moral suasion, women must refrain from awakening the sleeping savage in man, individually or collectively.

We are sometimes given instances from other countries of the harmonious working of men and women in political matters and the moral progress made under the influence of women's votes. Mr. J. O. P. Bland, for instance,¹ describes the municipal cleansing of the city of San Francisco in the twenty months or so which have elapsed since Californian women were enfranchised. If it could be proved that men, on whom, after all, the public services of a city depend, have permitted women to revise their methods of government, to wipe out their sources of illegitimate profit, and to interfere with their more question-

able forms of amusement, we should certainly have a clear case of the triumph of moral over physical force. But the "cleansing" of American cities is a periodic phenomenon of no real social significance, and the establishment, during recent sessions of the Californian Legislature, of a series of commissions, at a total annual expenditure of nearly a quarter of a million sterling, suggests the new broom that merely disturbs the dust. Under the stimulus provided by women's votes the Californian Legislature is said to have passed no fewer than 1100 Bills in twenty months, a record which should make our present Liberal Government regret its own wasted time, but will not inspire confidence in the breast of the disinterested social reformer. Legislative activity need not necessarily be regarded as a sign of moral progress, but sometimes the reverse. The necessity for legislation should surely decrease as the individuals of a community progress in that respect for the rights of others which constitutes genuine morality. In any case the Statute Book of a country is a most unsafe guide as to its social and moral conditions.

An unfortunate illustration of the alleged connection between the growth of public morality and the increased public power of women has been chosen by Mr. Bland, in Colorado. He quotes the verdict of the Inter-Parliamentary Union that "Colorado has the sanest, the most progressive, most scientific laws relating to the child to be found on any Statute Books in the world"; Mr. Bland adds, on his own account, that these laws have been brought about by the votes of women, thereby assuming that the woman's vote has forced this legislation on unwilling or apathetic man. What is the result? So indifferent is the administration of these laws that

¹ "Woman Suffrage in the United States," by J. O. P. Bland, "Nineteenth Century and After," December 1913.

it has recently been found necessary to form a "Women's Protective League," whose prospectus says:

We know that you are in favor of protecting girl children according to the laws of Colorado; assume that you are cognizant of the fact that they are not so protected; and believe you would not be party to the continuance of the present existing shameful conditions.

This appeal is supported by a record (certified by affidavit) of the Denver Juvenile Court, and the state of affairs revealed would be impossible in our own country, far from perfection as we are.

When we reflect on our own attempts at social-reform-while-you-wait in the last few years, and read the optimistic views of prominent suffragists as to the speeding-up of such legislation which would result from enfranchising women, we may well regard California and Colorado as solemn warnings, and not as examples of perfection!

There is one other aspect of woman's insurgence into political life in the British Islands which deserves attention as to its moral effect. The broad division into two schools of political thought has always presented difficulties to the thoughtful and sincere man who may not find it possible to subscribe to the whole creed of either one or other. Under such circumstances his choice is a matter of perspective, but he will not, as a general rule, be found supporting a party with whose whole political trend he is in disagreement simply because it advocates one measure in which he is deeply interested. A man may be in favor of maintaining the Union, of a strong Navy, compulsory national service, the repeal of the Insurance Bill and the Parliament Act, and yet be a keen Free Trader, but few men, under such conditions, would actively support the

present Liberal Government. Yet Conservative women are supporting with work and money the party which, in every single respect save that of woman suffrage, stands for political ideas which are anathema to all Conservatives. Even on the question of the suffrage itself these women differ fundamentally from the party they support, for they are as much opposed to adult suffrage as their allies are pledged to it.

Attempts have been made to show that there is nothing unusual or inconsistent in the attitude of those Liberal and more especially those Conservative ladies who, putting woman suffrage before all other political questions, are supporting the Labor-Socialist Party at by-elections. As a matter for the individual conscience it may be conceded that this is a question of personal choice, but, in honesty, those who would rather have woman suffrage plus Socialism than Liberal or Conservative government without it should have the courage of their convictions, and sever their connection with any party which does not in their opinion stand for the only really vital measure of the day. And, although these ladies are very indignant with Sir Almroth Wright for saying that women have only private and personal morality, their conduct when associated for public purposes makes his explanation the kindest one. Both men and women have used non-party associations for non-party propaganda—that is, to spread views which were not confined to any party; but it remained for suffragists to discover that it is consistent with the constitution of a non-party association not only to oppose the parties which do not agree with its views, but to support, actively and financially, a party which in some respects has adopted its programme. The morality of spending money collected on a non-party basis for the

benefit of a particular party² is a point of minor significance beside the wholesale surrender of traditions and principles by an organized body. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that those who can thus mistake the part for the whole, the greater for the less, are inherently unfitted to direct public policy, and that by their action they are helping to demoralize politics. The process in which they are openly and unashamedly engaged is no new one—it is familiarly known as "log-rolling"—but that women of the calibre of Mrs. Fawcett or the traditions of Lady Selborne should be parties to such work is but another instance of the fact that woman's influence in the political arena is likely to be the reverse of "purifying." That Unionist women should be found working against their own party at the present crisis, and that Conservatives should subscribe to an association which gives money and aid to the Socialist Party, is a proof of the lack of real political principle even among women of a high type of intelligence.

It is curious and interesting in this connection to remember the part played by the suffrage women of the North in the time of the American Civil War. I have no space here to give in detail the history of their activities, but it is asserted that in the hour of their country's peril they contented themselves with rolling up pe-

titions to their embarrassed Government in favor of universal suffrage, and out of over five hundred women mentioned in Dr. Brockett's *Woman and the Civil War* as having rendered special service, a bare half-dozen are known as being suffragists.

Yet another instance of moral retrogression is attributable to what is called "The Woman's Movement." With the militant appeal to force I have already dealt. Those persons who regard it, as it deserves to be regarded, as a symptom of something seriously wrong with women—not as a mere fantasia played by a few mad people—must not forget that the self-immolated victims have all along received help and encouragement from a section of the Church. There is actually a Church League for Woman Suffrage, among whose numbers prominent militants are enrolled, and which has a bishop at its head and others in its ranks. One of these bishops, who has been much before the public in a variety of ways lately, when taking the defence of militants (though not of militancy) upon his shoulders in the columns of *The Times*, says that the women are excused, though perhaps not justified, by the fact that they are exasperated by the Government's refusal of their "just demands." This is not a quotation but a summary of his argument, and this is essentially the position taken up by a few other clerics and by leaders of the so-called non-militant section. This question-begging method is familiar in controversy, but its use does not show any real desire to restrain militancy. The suffragist members of the Cabinet, who believe the women's claim to be reasonable, are not (as they themselves declare) either strong enough to bear down the members who believe the contrary, or sufficiently convinced of the importance of the question to sacrifice other

² Support of the Labor Party is the official policy of the N. U. W. S. S., whose president, Mrs. Fawcett, presided at a meeting at which Lord Lytton declared that, "when there were two suffrage candidates, one Liberal and one Labor, they [the N. U. W. S. S.] would support the Labor man. They would support a Labor man against a Conservative suffragist because they supported the Labor Party as a party." In pursuance of this policy the N. U. W. S. S. and its affiliated society, the London Society for Woman Suffrage, have given 500l. towards the expenses of Labor members, in addition to 250l. spent on by-election work, in which Labor candidates have been supported in five cases against Conservatives. Among the well-known members of the two societies are Lady Selborne, Lady Betty Balfour, Lady Willoughby de Broke, the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lytton, Lady Chance, Mrs. J. Boyd Carpenter, and Mrs. Rowland Prothero, all nominally "Conservatives."

things to it. In short, the suffragists have still to convince not only the country but their own Liberal supporters that their demand for immediate legislation is "just." The bishop ignores all this; he assumes that his protégées must be right and everyone else wrong and unjust, and that, although those protégées are an absolutely insignificant minority, even of the women of the nation, they cannot be expected to desist from acts of violence until their demands are granted. The significant factor in all this is that the Church, which we thought had long since abandoned the methods of Torquemada, is here covertly upholding violence as an aid to conversion.

A final count in this indictment takes me into deep and difficult waters, of which only the surface can be skimmed. Some years ago—before the suffrage agitation became acute—there began a movement, much needed, for the instruction of young people in the facts of their own physiology. I think the novelty of such instruction is much exaggerated. I can find, even in the works of Jane Austen, no proof that young people of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century grew up in the state of ignorance which, in the middle of last century, was confounded with innocence. It appears to me that it was the growing delegation of parental duties to schools and teachers which finally made it possible for girls and boys to be launched on the world in such a condition. Nowadays, when children of both sexes are at home in school and visitors in their homes, the need for systematized and careful teaching is increased, though personally I cannot help feeling that this is just one of those duties which no parent ought to be willing to delegate. The Headmaster of Eton, writing recently to *The Times*, emphasized the evil which

must ensue if the wrong accent or emphasis is laid upon sexual matters during the critical period of adolescence, and parents ought to know their own children sufficiently well to be able to choose the right time and right way in which to impart necessary instruction. What is really desirable is that children should understand nature, but should not be familiarized with disease. The pathology of sex is disease, and it is this aspect of it which is now continually described in feminist and suffragist writings, is dissected and discussed, often by persons who do not and cannot know the alphabet of this difficult question. I am often asked to believe that girls gain something by a frank acquaintance with the seamy side of life. It is asserted that if they are allowed to know the worst they may avoid it, but if this means that they will only marry on what are called "eugenic" principles, we must reserve our assent until we have some proof. Have women ever hesitated to marry men who were even notoriously intemperate, or dissipated, or decadent, or even decrepit? "Look at the men they do marry!" says the cynic in H. G. Wells's *Marriage*. In many cases the combined representations of the family, the doctor, and the solicitor have not availed to turn a young woman from such a match when once her affections or her ambitions were engaged.

It is a singular and melancholy fact that in what is called "The Woman's Movement" the word "morality" has only one application, and the reforming zeal of its supporters is chiefly directed to the sexual excesses of man. The result is that far too many women are becoming obsessed with the idea that man is essentially depraved and unclean, and as their own besetting sins or temptations are of a different character, they forget that temperance

of mind, soberness of thought and truthfulness of speech are also moral attributes of great importance. Many women, in their pre-occupation with the suffrage question, have entirely lost the mental balance on which these things depend.

Apart from the precocious, one-sided, and often entirely erroneous "information" on sex-subjects now freely administered to young girls by frustrated or embittered persons, the much vaunted "frankness" of the present age has destroyed every remaining vestige of modesty or reticence. In this, as in other matters, familiarity breeds contempt. Just as actions which appeared to us daringly improper fifteen years ago have now become dully respectable, so the bedroom scene on the stage, and the disrobing of the heroine, which once thrilled us, have become a tiresome commonplace. Even bishops see no harm in the nightgown as a stage garment! There is no intrinsic harm. There is no reason, I suppose, except a climatic one, why we should not take the garment in question into wear for all occasions. A young friend of mine had a bet with her father that she would come down to dinner in her *robe de nuit*; and she did, and he never recognized it! But the instinct for privacy, like the instinct for decency, is part of our civilization—one of the things which distinguish us from beasts and lower types of man. The barriers between our private lives and the public have been broken down by the ubiquitous photographer, to whom nothing is sacred, and by the people who like to see their house parties, their babies and everything they do, in the illustrated weeklies. Still, the delicacy, the modesty, the refinement and reserve of the real gentlewoman is a moral asset which society can ill afford to lose, and the lesson of reticence

is more needed, to my mind, for the coming generation than the lesson of frankness. Under the influence of this way of living in public we are fast retrograding in social habits towards promiscuity, and the horde threatens to re-absorb the family.

The plain man and woman do not care much for abstract arguments about the political and social relations of the sexes. What they do care for is that society should be organized on terms which seem to offer the maximum of public efficiency with the minimum of private friction. Man is not really concerned with the task of keeping woman in subjection, nor are the vast majority of women exercised over their subordination (in some respects) to man. This is because the broad relationship of the sexes is one thing and the individual relations of one man and one woman are another. "All men rule all women," wrote Themistocles, "but our wives rule us!" There is, therefore, an air of unreality in the feminine crusade against masculine supremacy, and even those who proclaim most loudly their belief that women are downtrodden are usually careful it should be understood that they are speaking of other women!

The modern advanced champion of women's rights has adopted as her war march the *Marseillaise*, and she is imbued with the spirit of revolution and anarchism. It is notorious that these rebels against "man-made laws" offer us free love instead of monogamy, barracks instead of homes, and the "economic independence of woman" instead of the male obligation to support his wife and family. To gain for woman an assumed "equality" with man they are prepared to tear down every safeguard and privilege she has secured in long ages of civilization. Both in spirit and in fact such proposals are anarchic, and not evolu-

tionary, because their basic assumption is that nature makes all men and both sexes equally able to take care of themselves, whereas social evolution has increasingly protected the weak from the strong and increased the obligations of the strong towards the weak.

I am perfectly aware that many protagonists of "the woman's movement" will hotly contest this view of their objective, but the whole of their case is given away by their self-chosen title. "The Woman's Movement" can only aim at combining women as distinct from men, whether for offensive or defensive purposes is immaterial. Such combination, if aimed at man, is futile; if not aimed at him it is meaningless. If it is claimed that it is merely an instrument of social uplifting I will reply in the words of Miss Soulsby, that any movement to raise society through the medium of one sex is like a system of gymnastics which develops only one leg! After all we have never heard of "The Man's Movement."

But although from the point of view of progress towards the age of reason we may have our doubts as to the beneficent influence of "the woman's movement," the cloud is not without

The Nineteenth Century and After.

its silver lining. The ascendancy of woman and the slothfulness of man are closely related if not complementary facts, and the woman rampant, the sign-manual of the present period, can only rise to that position because men are not merely "reasonable" but lazy. If we see signs that they are bestirring themselves to resist the tide of feminism we have grounds to hope for a greater demonstration of virile qualities in the near future. The frank anarchism of some women leaders is also opening the eyes of other women, who are beginning to realize the profound truth of Goethe's saying, "Man's aim is freedom, order woman's!" It is my own belief that, with the plentiful outlets being increasingly provided for her surplus energy, the fermenting element in woman is ceasing to be a danger, and that the feminine volcano exploded with the militant movement. When the dust has cleared off and the lava stream has had time to cool we shall all go on cultivating our gardens—though not quite the same gardens—much as before, but, as I fervently hope, with a heightened appreciation of the advantages of peace and obscurity.

Ethel Colquhoun.

STEPS TOWARDS REDUCTION OF ARMAMENTS.

That war is a savage survival is a view now generally held by competent persons all over the civilized world. "Like the savage, the Englishman, Frenchman or American makes war," says Sir Henry Sumner Maine, and he may well be taken as a representative exponent of the view. But the opposite view, that war is necessary for human welfare, has its adherents still among men of distinction like General

* "Popular Government," 3d Edition, 1886, p. 144.

von Bernhardt. "I was assured," says Sir Max Waechter, "by some military leaders, and even by a diplomat in a responsible position, that war is a blessing." The most cultured country in the world, Germany, has a war party with an organ, "Die Post." A consensus of opinion has thus not yet been arrived at throughout the civilized world that wars have ceased to be

* Article, "The Federation of Europe: Is It Possible?" in the "Contemporary Review" for November 1912.

necessary. The question before the world now is whether means can be devised for pacifically attaining righteous ends that are still sought to be attained by wars.

The progress of industry and commerce in the world has day by day been adding so largely to the interdependence among nations that large considerations of self-interest now dispose them more strongly than ever before to maintain peace among themselves. Every powerful State now professes solicitude for the maintenance of perpetual peace, but so little can powerful States trust one another that each keeps up heavy armaments at an enormous expenditure so as to be ready for war at a moment's notice. Alliances between States, such as the Triple Alliance, which binds together Germany, Austria-Hungary and Italy, and the Dual Alliances, one between France and Russia and the other between Britain and Japan, as also the Triple *Entente* between Britain, France and Russia, avowedly rest on the basis of a desire for the maintenance of peace; but they all imply distrust among nations. An alliance or an *entente* is necessarily aimed against Powers outside the alliance or the *entente*.

The growing desire for the avoidance of war has brought about a grand international organization, to wit, the Hague Court of Arbitration, for the adjudication of disputes among nations, and numerous have been the Arbitration Treaties that have been concluded among them. The reservation, in these treaties, of matters of vital interest and points of honor has, however, left the way open to war. Even President Taft's late move for a general Treaty of Arbitration, without any reservations, between nations so closely akin as the British and the Americans, proved a failure. But the move itself is entitled to be taken as a

shadow of coming events cast before.

There are certain forces in operation in Europe which are antagonistic to the maintenance of peace, and the most powerful of these forces is the German desire for expansion. The so-called Pan-Germanism that would absorb Switzerland which, if predominantly German, is also largely Latin (French and Italian), Holland and Denmark, which are Teutonic without being German, and Belgium, which is semi-Latin (French) and semi-Teutonic (Flemish), on the plea of their being natural parts of Germany, is about as legitimate as the old illegitimate French theory of the Rhine being a natural frontier of France. Expansion in Europe would not be easy even for Germany, mighty as she is, and it is desired after all by an unwise section of the German people. A reasonable expansion abroad would gratify German ambition by opening out new fields for German activity, and it is for Europe, particularly Britain and France, to see if it could not be arranged to give Germany a reasonable addition to her colonial domain. This question will be discussed further on.

The chief inducement to war is the desire for forcible appropriation of foreign territory. An essential preliminary to the installation of perpetual peace among nations would be a renunciation, on the part of the most advanced and most powerful States of the world, of all forcible appropriation of foreign territory in future. For such renunciation advanced and powerful States that possess large empires are the best prepared. Britain, whose empire is the largest in the world, and America, whose empire is the fourth largest in extent and the first in respect of compactness of territory and natural advantages combined, can best do without any further extension of territory, and so they may best renounce conquest. One

great step possible towards the establishment of perpetual peace among nations would be a close alliance then between the two. English Great Powers, namely, the British Empire (cohesively united in respect of all foreign relations, as it is now feeling its way to be) and the American Republic, on the avowed basis of a renunciation of all conquests for themselves in future, and of united action for all defensive purposes and for prevention of war and conquest all over the world. The sentiment of race-patriotism has made great progress in the world, and there is now a warm friendly feeling between Britain and America. The idea of an ultimate political union of all the English-speaking communities in the world has also spread itself among these communities. This political union cannot come about in the near future. But in the way of a close alliance between Britain and America in the immediate future there stands no insuperable obstacle. Such alliance, with the object of insuring peace throughout the world, would benefit the world at large and not benefit simply the contracting parties. America has outlived the stage of living for herself, and the world may now well claim that she should now live for the benefit of herself and the rest of the world.

Another great step forward towards the establishment of permanent peace among nations would be a thorough reconciliation between the two great countries, Germany and France. A retrocession of Alsace-Lorraine to France cannot possibly be the price that Germany would pay for purchasing the friendship of France. Frenchmen cannot reasonably complain of the German annexation of Alsace-Lorraine. If the French had beaten the Germans as thoroughly as the Germans did beat them, nothing

short of the Rhine frontier would have satisfied them. The retrocession of Alsace-Lorraine being an impossibility, the question remains, is there any means by which friendship can be established between the two great countries now parted by hate? The only effective means that could bring about this desirable result seems to be the carrying out of Prince Bismarck's truly statesman-like idea of a linguistic frontier between the two countries. A linguistic frontier would give back to France the slice of French Lorraine with its French-speaking population of over 200,000, now in German possession; and a suitable compensation to Germany for this retrocession would be the incorporation, with the German Empire, of the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, with its population of over quarter of a million. None of the Powers that have guaranteed the neutrality of Luxemburg can apparently have any motive to withhold its assent to such incorporation. Luxemburg is ethnically German territory, a German *patois* being the vernacular of the land, though French has a currency among the commercial classes, and it is also a member of the German Zollverein. From such membership to thorough incorporation would be no very wide a step. Luxemburg, however, not being French territory, it is not for France to give it to Germany. It is reasonable that France should cede to Germany some French territory for getting back the German slice of French Lorraine. The most suitable cession would be a good portion of present French Congo.

The danger to Germany from France alone is a negligible quantity, but the danger to her from France and Russia combined is not a negligible quantity. This danger would be all the greater if Russia would set her house in order by granting full local

autonomy to the Poles and the Finlanders, and, to conciliate Rumania, to the Rumanians in Bessarabia also, and by granting full religious liberty to the Jews in Russia, disarming thereby the hostility towards her of the great Jewish financiers abroad. Furthermore Germany and France do not live solely for themselves. They are two of the foremost countries of the world, and the world benefits by their intellectual output even more largely than by their industrial. A cordial feeling between them that would relieve them of the incubus of militarism and so enable them to devote themselves more largely than now to the pursuits of peace, would be a distinct gain to the rest of the world.

The empire of France comes only next after the British and the Russian in extent. She now possesses Morocco, a country which she had very good reason to covet. If she is relieved of the soreness of feeling caused by 200,000 French people being held in unwilling subjection by Germany, she would naturally be disposed to join the British Empire and America in renouncing territorial conquests by force and co-operating with them in preventing war and conquest throughout the world.

To a general pacification of the world, the co-operation of Germany is essential. For inducing Germany to join Britain, America and France in a policy of renunciation of conquest and of prevention of war and conquest throughout the world, a way must be found for gratifying the present German desire for further colonial expansion. German political power has been of slower growth than the British and the French, and even after the overthrow of French power by Germany in 1870-71, Germany has not succeeded in acquiring such extensive foreign possessions as France

has acquired. Germany is now naturally envious of the extensive British Empire, and also of the French colonial domain, wider far than that of herself. No unoccupied territories are left for Germany to occupy. Only out of territories already occupied can German ambition for colonial expansion be gratified. There have been speculations about the purchase by Britain and Germany of Portugal's East African and West African colonies, and a secret agreement about such purchase is believed to have been concluded between the intending purchasers in 1898. The speculations and the supposed secret agreement have tended to thwart the very object desired. Portugal, heavily indebted as she is, has still her pride in her past, and there can be no reason besides why she should part with her East African possessions, of which the revenue considerably exceeds the expenditure, though she may be disposed to part with her West African colony of Angola, which does not pay its way. It would apparently be an advantage to her if she ceded to Germany, for a heavy price, the eastern half or more of her colony of Angola, where her sway has hardly yet made itself felt, while she retained the western maritime region, where her sway has well made itself felt. Britain, France and Russia, all of whom have been feeling acutely the effects of the increase of German armaments, may well be disposed to strongly persuade Portugal to give up to Germany a territory which she has not resources enough to develop, and which, if given up to Germany, would help the cause of pacification all around. This territory would be a valuable addition to German South-West Africa, as, being an elevated region, it would be suitable for colonization by Germans. But the acquisition by Germany of this territory is prob-

lematical, after all, for it hinges on Portugal's willingness to part with it. Some certain field for German colonial expansion has, therefore, to be sought. The cession of part of present French Congo has already been suggested. But more is wanted to satisfy German ambition. If Britain wishes to be quite friendly with Germany, she should be prepared to make some sacrifices herself by giving Germany certain territories out of her superabundance. First of all, she should give up the enclave of Walfisch Bay, which is of hardly any use to Cape Colony to which it is attached, but is badly wanted by German South-West Africa, for such compensation, territorial or pecuniary, as may be agreed upon. Walfisch Bay is, however, but a small bit of territory. An extensive territory may conveniently be ceded to Germany by Holland and Britain together in New Guinea, so as to make the whole island of New Guinea, measuring about 300,000 square miles, a German possession. Holland has long held the western half of New Guinea without turning it to much account, the unhealthy climate, dense forests and insect pests of the coast regions having apparently been a great obstacle in the way. The eastern half is now held partly by Germany and partly by Britain, and the administration of British New Guinea, now called Papua, has been made over to the Australian Commonwealth. If Holland ceded to Germany the western half for a pecuniary compensation, as she may well be expected to do for securing German friendship as a shield of protection to her Eastern Dependencies against any possible Japanese ambition for the absorption of these Malay-Mongolian islands, and Britain ceded the southern portion of the eastern half for a pecuniary compensation likewise, the whole island of New Guinea would be German. It

would be only a tropical German colony however and not a suitable field for German colonization, though in its uplands in the interior numbers of Germans might settle. It would be generous on the part of Britain to be satisfied with a pecuniary, instead of a territorial, compensation, seeing that Germany has far less territory than Britain, and that a pecuniary compensation may very conveniently go over to the Commonwealth of Australia.

Russia's empire, second only in extent to that of Britain, has the inestimable advantage over the latter of being in one compact mass. An empire so vast can very well do without any additions to it: to consolidate and develop it would be work enough. Russia may well let alone Outer Mongolia and Chinese Turkestan, upon both of which she seems to have her eye. Ultimately they may come under her control or protection by international assent. She has two pressing wants, however, at present, and they require to be satisfied. The ice-free port that she secured in the Far East, she has lost. A port at the head of the Persian Gulf with a long railway zone connecting Trans-Caucasia with that port, she sorely stands in need of. Another need is the free passage through the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles of her ships of war, a privilege which must internationally be secured for the ships of war of other nations also. Now that there is friendship between Britain and Russia, these needs have every chance of being supplied. Russia, thus placated, may reasonably be expected to join the pacifist scheme sketched above, along with Britain, America, France and Germany.

Italy, like Germany, has been ambitious of expansion. Expansion in Europe by conquest, if hard for Germany, would be a great deal harder for Italy. In Africa her attempt to

absorb Abyssinia ended in disaster. She is now mistress of Tripoli, a very extensive country indeed, but sterile and inhabited by fanatical Arabs, who will cause her endless trouble. In Europe, however, it is possible for her to obtain a voluntary cession of the island of Corsica, if France is wise enough to see that if it is bad for Frenchmen to be held in subjection by Germany, it must be equally bad for Italians to be held in subjection by France. If both France and Italy recognized the nationality principle as based upon language, it could be arranged that, on the basis of plebiscites of the peoples concerned, France would cede Corsica to Italy, in exchange for the French-speaking Aosta Valley in Piedmont *plus* additional compensation, pecuniary or territorial, that might be agreed upon. Eritrea would be the most eligible territorial compensation. A voluntary cession of Corsica by France to Italy cannot fail to have an electrifying effect throughout Europe, as inaugurating an era of equitable redistribution of territory, to secure to France the alliance of Italy, on a defensive basis, when the present term of Italy's adherence to the Triple Alliance expires, and to dispose Germany to give back to France the portion of French Lorraine now in her possession, as also Austria to cede to Italy the Italian Tyrol and the Italian-speaking parts of Istria, including the city of Trieste, and so satisfy the Irredentists of Italy. It is for France then to take the initial step towards a redistribution of territories in Europe on an equitable basis.

Japan has within a short period of time made large additions to her empire—Formosa, the southern half of Sakhalin, the Port Arthur territory, and the extensive and populous country of Corea. She can have no legitimate longing for further acquisition of territory.

Austria-Hungary is not inhabited by a homogeneous people. She is a multilingual State, ill-fitted for expansion. She has lately annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, and there are no other likely annexations in her way.

Italy, Japan and Austria-Hungary could hardly think of standing aloof, if the other Great Powers adopted the pacifist scheme advocated in this paper. Not only the Great Powers, but *some* of the Minor Powers, at any rate, are possible disturbers of peace. To a general pacifist scheme, the co-operation of the minor powers has, therefore, to be invited. If the Great Powers agree, the Minor Powers can not but follow suit. For inducing all States, great and small, to join the concert of renunciation of conquest and renunciation of a state of preparedness for war and conquest, the prospect should be held out before them of territorial redistributions being made in future pacifically, on principles of equity as based on the wishes of the peoples concerned. Some such redistributions, as already suggested, may be made immediately, and others may follow *pari passu* with the advance of equitable feeling in the world.

What has been said in connection with the German section of French Lorraine, Corsica and the Aosta Valley rests on the two principles enunciated below:—

1. That no section of a civilized progressive nation of which a larger section in the neighborhood occupies a position of independence, should be held in unwilling subjection by another nation.

2. That language should be recognized as the basis of nationality when a partition line has to be drawn between one nation and another.

If the Balkan allies, after their victorious war with Turkey, had followed the equitable principle of dividing, on

an ethnological or linguistic basis, the territories conquered from the Turks, there would have been no war among themselves. The inordinate ambition of Bulgaria spoiled matters, and in the final distribution of territories made after the intrusion of Rumania, ethnological considerations were largely set aside. Clear lines of demarcation separating the Bulgarian, Rumanian, Servian and Greek nationalities may not be possible throughout; but the rule of the majority, where the populations are mixed, is the only rational rule.

Some transfers of territory in Europe have been pointed out above as possible immediately. Others may come on later. Britain may cede Cyprus to Greece, as she ceded the Ionian Islands long ago, and Germany may give back Danish Schleswig to Denmark. The Aegean Islands, being ethnically Greek, are bound to ultimately come to Greece. The Channel Islands, close to France and ethnically French, enjoy Home Rule and are quite contented with their present English connection. Where transfers of territory cannot be made, it is possible to satisfy the peoples under foreign domination by giving them local autonomy, as has been largely done in Austria, in the case of her non-German populations,—Czech, Polish, Ruthenian, etc., though Hungary unwisely aims at Magyarizing her non-Magyar population—Slav, German and Rumanian. Poles in Austria have local freedom, but Poles in Russia and Prussia have it not. In Prussia the Expropriation Act of 1908 has been doing its cruel work of spoliation of Poles in the Province of Posen; and the Polish language remains interdicted in Posen, the French language in the German part of French Lorraine, and the Danish language in Danish Schleswig. These are "methods of barbarism" quite unworthy of

Germany's high civilization. The German policy of Germanizing the Poles in Posen has had its Nemesis in the Russian policy of Russianizing the Germans in the Baltic Provinces.

The partition of Africa among some of the European Powers, ending with the Italian annexation of Tripoli, has prepared the way for the prevalence of universal peace. The partition has almost exhausted the field of possible aggression by civilized peoples upon territories inhabited by uncivilized peoples or by semi-civilized peoples unable at present to maintain order in their lands. The aggressive spirit has thus come to be now very nearly at the end of its tether. If some countries which have not yet come under European or American rule prove themselves incapable of maintaining order within their borders, the best thing for them would be to be placed under international control and to remain under such control till they are able to stand on their own legs. This international control may conveniently, by delegation, be a dual control, in some particular case, as that of Russia and Britain in the case of Persia, and a triple control in some other, as that of Britain, Italy and France in the case of Abyssinia.

If wars and the objective of wars, *i.e.*, conquests, are to cease, consistency of principle would require that conquests made in the past should be humanized to the utmost extent possible. The United States working now in the Philippines with the avowed object of fitting the Philippines for self-government as rapidly as possible, is a new factor in the East that will doubtless promote the cause of good government in the Eastern Dependencies of Britain, Holland and France. The contemplated retirement of the Americans from the Philippines, if it becomes a reality, will be felt by subject Asiatic nationalities as

a misfortune. The contemplated retirement is a reflex of the Monroe Doctrine. The Philippines are in the Old World, and so they must be abandoned: Porto Rico is in the New World, and so it may be retained. The Americans act unwisely after all in retaining possession of Porto Rico, for this must cause irritation in Latin America. The retention of the Philippines would cause no irritation anywhere.

If the Hague Court of Arbitration is universally recognized as the Tribunal for the pacific settlement of all differences between States, the necessity for maintaining armed forces would not entirely cease. Armed forces on such a colossal scale as are now maintained by the Great Powers would not be needed when all chances of war among them disappear. But armed forces on a very much reduced scale—without the curse of conscription for recruitment—would still be needed for maintaining internal order, and for quelling disorder and strife wherever they might break out abroad, including revolutionary warfare. It would be a great benefit to the world if revolutions were to be taken cognizance of internationally, and if such as were judged harmful were put down by a suitably devised international organization, whereby the armed forces of governments nearest to hand could at once be made available for putting down revolutionary violence that is judged harmful. The interference in the affairs of revolutionary Mexico now decided upon by the United States is a salutary departure in foreign policy.

When conquests by force of arms cease, conquests by pacific penetration must continue, according to the laws of demand and supply and superior fitness. Chinamen have been pacifically overrunning the Indo-Chinese Peninsula and the Malay Archipelago, and

Italians have been pacifically overrunning Argentina. If Australia, British Colombia and the Pacific States of the American Union had not been closed to Asiatic immigration, Chinese, Japanese and even Indian immigrants would have pacifically overrun these lands. America has been illiberal enough to stop Japanese and Chinese immigration to Hawaii, and Chinese immigration to the Philippines. The question of free immigration cannot now be dealt with internationally. The economic dread of cheap Asiatic labor overcoming in competition dear White labor lies at the root of the prohibition of Asiatic immigration. China has now shaken off her leaden conservatism of ages, and when she wins for herself a high place among nations, as Japan has done, the immigration question, in which both China and Japan are vitally interested, will be likely to enter into the field of international politics.

If wars were not, the feeling that is at the bottom of protectionist tariffs would lose strength and ultimately die out. It is the possibility of wars among nations that keeps up the feeling that the interests of one nation are antagonistic to those of others. Protectionism is anti-humanitarian, opposed to the sentiment of universal human brotherhood. Even as regards the interests of any particular protectionist country, protectionism benefits certain sections of the people of that country, namely, the producers of particular commodities, by injuring other sections, namely, the consumers of those commodities. All desirable ends could be met by the grant of bounties for nursing up suitable industries, the bounties to decrease gradually and to disappear altogether when no longer required. Reduction of armaments, on an extensive scale, would make it unnecessary to raise such vast revenues as are raised at

present, and duties might on this account be reduced and finally put out of existence, leaving trade and commerce perfectly unfettered. Graduated taxes on property and income would be the main taxes in a world of peace in future.

Sir Max Waechter has been advocating for some time past a scheme for the discarding of tariffs among European countries as a means of putting an end to wars among them and federating them together, so that confederated Europe may compete on equal terms with the United States of America and make her power and influence supreme in the world. He tells us that all European countries are "in full sympathy with my [his] proposals," but that "it is difficult to find any State disposed to take the initiative." That no State is disposed to take the initiative must be owing to great practical difficulties in the way. The fact is that perfectly free trade between any two States would be possible only if they have a cordial feeling towards each other and a common sense of solidarity. In Europe a Customs Union would be possible now between Germany and Austria-Hungary, allied together and protectionist both, but would hardly be possible between Holland and Belgium, because Holland is a free-trading country and Belgium a protectionist one, though with a very moderate tariff. Sir Max Waechter admits that the Protectionist spirit which dominates most Continental countries is the greatest obstacle that lies before his scheme, but, with the faith of an enthusiast, he pronounces it to be "by no means hopeless." The Protectionist spirit it would not be easy to overcome. It is only after it has been overcome, and a feeling of amity established between a number of nations that those nations can be federated together.

The scheme for a European Union is a narrow scheme after all, and, if such Union could be effected, it would inevitably call into existence an American Union, embracing both North and South America, divided far less in the matter of languages spoken than Europe is. Economic antagonism would thus be created between Europe and the American Continent; and in economic competition with the latter, the former must go to the wall. The idea of a confederated Europe rests on the illusion produced on the human mind by a common name applied to an extensive and continuous stretch of territory. Europe has acquired a common name as distinct from Asia, Africa and America, and has thus come to be regarded as possessing interests distinct from those of Asia, Africa and America. Sir Max Waechter stands up for "Free Trade" throughout the whole of Europe with a common tariff against all non-European countries. Now this Europe has an Empire, the Russian, which besides covering half of Europe, covers, in continuous stretch with its European territory, over a third of Asia. Can this Empire be expected to put up a tariff barrier between its European and Asiatic sections, while it does away with tariff barriers between European Russia and the rest of Europe? Another European country, France, now reckons Algeria as an integral part of France. Can France be persuaded to keep up a tariff wall between France and Algeria, while it abolishes tariffs with all European countries outside France?

Pan-Europeanism and Pan-Americanism have each a factitious basis. The racial affinities and trade relations of one European State, Britain, with two North American countries, the United States and Canada, are certainly closer and more extensive than with Russia. Britain's trade re-

lations, again, with Argentina are more extensive than those of any American country with her; while, as regards racial and linguistic affinities, Argentina stands much closer to Spain and Italy than to the greatest South American country, Brazil, or the two greatest North American countries, the United States and Canada. The beneficent work of breaking down tariff barriers between States would work along the line of least resistance if it took as its initial step the establishment of a Customs Union between the United British Empire on the one

The Modern Review (Calcutta).

hand and the United States of America on the other. Sentiment is a potent factor in the regulation of human affairs, and sentiment would greatly favor the commercial federation of the entire English world. Pan-Europeanism, Pan-Americanism, and the like must jar against the feelings of men of cosmopolitan instincts all over the world, men who cherish the idea of an ultimate federation of the world, the formation of a World-State, whose members would remain in perfect amity and work together in a spirit of friendly rivalry.

Syamacharan Ganguli.

THE PROMISE OF ARDEN.

CHAPTER XII.

And I too was late for dinner—or rather my own dinner. Gisborne, the editor of the *Quadrant*, had invited me as he sometimes invited other members of his staff, to join him at his table at the Paragon. He usually dined alone, but would occasionally prefer to talk over any subject he had in his mind over his coffee, rather than in the bustle and interruptions of the *Quadrant* office. It was not an invitation to dinner, but to discussion; and on this occasion I imagined that there was some quite small point which he wished to bring up, since he knew that I was away for the day and would not be back till late. And when I came into the Paragon later than I had meant, it seemed that whatever subject he had intended to discuss would be put aside for that evening altogether. For at the table with him sat a companion whose presence seemed to exclude mine—no less a personage, indeed, than the proprietor of the *Quadrant*.

The proprietor of the *Quadrant* was

a very formidable man to meet. To begin with, he was proprietor. The livelihood of a very large number of persons depended upon his approval of their work. Besides being the proprietor of the *Quadrant*, he owned a monthly magazine, the *Metropolis*, and a weekly journal devoted to literature and politics, the *Lamp*. Being independent of political parties, he was abused by each party in turn; and in turn the newspapers of each party quoted the opinions of the *Quadrant* and the *Lamp* against the other party. He had a certain reputation for eccentricity, since he possessed no prejudice against old age, and there were members of his staff who were understood to be even past seventy. He had but one test of a journalist, which was competence for his work; but his notion of incompetence embraced many different qualities, of which lack of honesty came first. The advertisement columns of the *Quadrant* gave some indication of the probable balance at his bank; on the other hand, the *Quadrant* was believed to carry an em-

barrassing quantity of dead weight in the form of pensions. He was a broad-shouldered man; his hair was brown streaked with silver, he wore a pointed beard which suited a thin, high-bridged nose, he swung his pince-nez on a black silk ribbon, and he was said to make all his appointments at sight.

When I saw him sitting at the table with Gisborne, I looked round for another seat. But Gisborne had noticed me, and beckoned across the room.

"I told Mr. Bellinger I was expecting you," he said.

"Mr. Gisborne agreed with me that it would do an experienced journalist no harm to listen to the vaporings of a mere tradesman," remarked the proprietor of the *Quadrant* genially, looking at me over his glasses. "It's a privilege? Well, that's as may be. I doubt if Gisborne always thinks so. But now sit you down—you're later than I should like to be if I were going to do your work, but that's neither here nor there—and get your dinner while Gisborne talks to me." He settled his pince-nez on his nose, threw back his head, stared abstractedly across the room, lifted his pince-nez from his nose again and turned to Gisborne with a quick gesture of his hand.

"No," he said. "We don't want experience. What *is* experience?"

He swung his pince-nez and was silent.

"An exposed plate, Gisborne," he said.

Gisborne swept together a little heap of crumbs and flicked them aside again. "You may print from an exposed plate," he suggested.

"How many pictures do you get from it?"

The proprietor of the *Quadrant* extracted a long cigar from a worn morocco case.

"That is why Forrester is out of

the question. As you quite rightly said at the beginning."

"Not only for that reason."

"I know. Brilliant, Gisborne. Faultless, Gisborne. But—I'm tired of the perpetual glitter."

The proprietor turned to me.

"What does the experienced journalist think?" he asked.

"I wish I were experienced," I said.

"And wasn't it you warned the Prime Minister last week that he stood at the parting of the ways? Well, well. Gisborne told me about it." He looked at me over his glasses and then threw back his head with the quick, aggressive thrust of the chin which we in the *Quadrant* office associated always with some coming change or challenge. "Come now, you shall lecture Gisborne and the tradesman who wants to make something out of the *Quadrant*, instead of the Prime Minister. We will stand at the parting of the ways and the experienced journalist shall tell us which direction to choose. The fact is, Mr. Markwick——"

He held his glasses up to the light and gazed at them apparently lost in thought.

"A newspaper, Mr. Markwick, lives on ideas. It feeds on ideas, breathes ideas, dies if it can't get enough ideas. Gisborne here has an idea occasionally. Sometimes an idea comes my way. Is there anybody else, Gisborne?"

"There's Forrester," said Gisborne.

"Forrester has ideas, yes. But they are solely about Forrester. Suppose Forrester got hold of this—this little notion of ours? Eh, Gisborne?"

"He'd be ready to start in five minutes."

The proprietor chuckled. "But here's Mr. Markwick racking his brains to think what we can be talking about. Well, Mr. Markwick, it's a little scheme which concerns the *Quadrant*, and Gis-

borne here a little, and myself as a tradesman a little, but the *Quadrant* first of all, and the *Quadrant* most of all, because that is the only way for tradesmen and experienced journalists to think about the paper they work for. And the scheme is this. We start with a young man who has ideas, and we proceed to put him in the way of getting a great many more ideas. We fill him up with ideas. Then we pour him out into the *Quadrant*. You see? The simplest thing in the world—the simplest thing in the world, given one condition. Eh, Gisborne?"

"Yes," said Gisborne, and stared at his coffee spoon.

"Gisborne has his own idea as to the choice of the condition, which is the young man. However, that doesn't matter for the moment. Gisborne is going to choose. It's the simplest thing in the world, as I was saying. And the way to fill the young man with ideas—ideas for the *Quadrant*, Mr. Markwick? What would you say?"

"Travel," said I. "The ends of the world."

"Well, as to that, one of the best ideas I ever had came to me on a packet-boat crossing to Boulogne. But in the main, Mr. Markwick, you're not far from the truth. It's one of the oddest things in this newspaper world of ours that travel is thought so little of, considered purely as an investment. You'll have travelled yourself, no doubt, to find the value of it?"

"I've never been nearer the Continent," I told him, "than the Isle of Wight."

"Is that so? There's much you haven't seen. Gisborne here ought to talk to you about it. You ought to see if you can't get him to plan something for you. He's a wonderful man for making plans. For this little scheme of ours, for instance—every-

thing settled, eh, Gisborne? The last button, eh, Gisborne?"

Gisborne laughed. "You know," he said.

"And these are the plans. He begins, as I was saying, with a young man."

The proprietor looked at me intently, and a question, unborn till that moment, sprang up in my thoughts like a wind among trees.

"A young man of certain—certain qualities. Gisborne here has been telling me about them. Initiative—eh, Gisborne? Belief in his work—eh, Gisborne? A certain eccentricity, and a certain steadiness—*tenar propositi*, eh, Gisborne? And—dear me, how one forgets!—ideas of his own. Ideas in his head, and ideas at intervals on paper. A column or so once a week, say. Anything more, Gisborne?"

Gisborne drummed long fingers on the table. "That was the point," he said.

"To be sure it was. My memory's going. The point was the investment, as I was saying. Gisborne was to have his own way about that, and he's an extravagant man. Travelling expenses, salary, a year's contract expanding to three if mutually satisfactory, and all serial rights in copy to belong to the *Quadrant*—that was how it struck Gisborne. Travelling expenses alone, I told him, would have been enough for me when I was young; but he's an extravagant man, as I was saying—a very extravagant man indeed, with ideas of his own."

The proprietor polished his glasses and held them up to the light.

"And then, Mr. Markwick, then——"

He paused and examined his glasses critically. "Well, *then*, Mr. Markwick, what we do is to take the young man to the street-door of the *Quadrant* office and shut it behind him. It's a perfectly simple proceeding, and I

wonder that Gisborne never thought about it before."

"He may go anywhere and write about anything he chooses?"

"I think Gisborne mentioned that he would like to see a Chinese postage-stamp, and that he was also interested in Peru. Otherwise—" Mr. Bellinger waved an open hand. "And *that*," he said, "is where the condition I spoke of comes in."

Mr. Bellinger picked up his cigar and cut the end slowly and carefully. The thought that had sprung in me stood still.

"What would be the experienced journalist's opinion of an investment—we are still looking at the matter from an earthly and commercial point of view—an investment in Bruce Pinkett?"

Bruce Pinkett? thought I. Bruce Pinkett? Of course. I might have known.

"Gisborne is going to choose—has chosen, I think he told me. But perhaps it would be better not to—not to publish a paragraph to that effect to-morrow morning. Eh, Gisborne? You must be back at the office at once? My dear fellow, you are right. Always right, Gisborne—you've told me so, often. I'll walk with you across the road. I'm obliged to you for your criticisms, Mr. Markwick. You have listened to the vaporings of a mere tradesman with an admirable patience and toleration. Good-night to you," he said, put his arm in Gisborne's, and went out.

And I suddenly knew that I wanted to be walking fast in the open air. Out in the cool dusk of Fleet Street, the whistle of an engine mingled with the burden of the *Quadrant* machines. "Give *me* the chance," I was saying to myself; "give *me* the chance," and the long roll of machinery caught up the accent after me. The strip of gray roadway took shape as a wish-

ing-carpet. Three years—three years to see what I had never thought to see, what not one man in a million might see!

And I stopped short. What was there for me to see? Where was my wishing-carpet? What had I to do with travelling anywhere except to the *Quadrant* office? I had heard, five minutes ago, the answer to all those questions—Bruce Pinkett.

And yet with that answer written over and over in my mind, like the scarlet scrolls that were penning themselves all round me on the London night, traced and expunged and traced again, there was a question which followed the answer as green lights write new words after scarlet. And the question was, why the proprietor of the *Quadrant* had addressed himself throughout to myself instead of to Gisborne.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Mr. Bruce Pinkett, whose weekly 'Letters of a Wayfarer' have for so long been a feature of the *Lamp*, and whose brilliant little volume of essays 'As it shall be' we recently had the pleasure of reviewing in these columns, has, we understand, resigned the editorship of *Pan* in order to join the staff of the *Quadrant*. He will shortly leave England on a commission which it is understood will involve extensive travelling and absence from England for a period of a year or more. We shall look forward . . ."

The *Parthenon* opened at that paragraph. It was a Saturday morning: I was in the train for Willowbourne, and the meeting with Mr. Bellinger lay nearly a fortnight behind me, a medley of riddles and hopes confused. Since that evening I had not heard a word more of the *Quadrant's* plan: and there, before me in the *Parthenon*, lay the end of it. The end! Well, the

wrong end, even, can bring relief.

The *Parthenon*—the very name of the paper staring at me was an echo in my dream. The Parthenon, the temple of the Maiden Goddess, the great stone pillars and portico of it above the sea; the blue *Ægean*, Sappho wide-eyed and alone; the crunch of triremes at *Ægospotami*; anemones scarlet over tumbled plinths and capitals—my dream had begun with Greece and the Parthenon. And what else had it held? What did it matter? Here I sat staring at an English weekly paper, and away from the paper out of the window, into the steady sunshine of an English June. Mid-June! I had been nearly a fortnight in London. The may would be over, the chestnut blossom fallen; June would have brought the turk's-head lilies and rhododendrons, and the garden would be a place of roses and sun on mown lawns and silence. Would there be birds still singing? Blackbirds, perhaps, if the rain came; a thrush or two, chaffinches—would the chaffinch have changed his impetuous little roudade for the sharp pinks of summer? Should I hear another cuckoo? . . . I asked myself that, and again, with that knowledge of coming loss, there came the sense of sudden ending, of empty hopes and a changed future. Well, the cure for that was to live in the present.

And as for the present, I was going fishing. That had been a promise to Murray and Allen for weeks: we were to go fishing as soon as the season opened. The idea of a "season" affecting the ponds of the neighborhood had not, I own, occurred to me, but upon this point Allen insisted with the greatest firmness. James the coachman had spoken of a season; James the coachman, besides a wooden Nottingham reel, had a fly-book with real flies in it, particularly one on a double hook; who, then, should differ

from James? The season opened on the river seven miles away, on the lake in Lord Charterbury's park, on the pond in the field belonging to Bennett the farmer, and on all duck-ponds at the same time.

This season it had been hoped would hold out greater prospects than the last. Last season fishing had been limited to the farmer's pond and the tank in the kitchen garden. This season, at the suggestion of James the coachman, who was believed to have lately made certain additions to his fishing tackle, and had expressed himself as willing to accompany the children in person, in case the water was deep or unsafe, the grave step had been taken of writing to Lord Charterbury to ask permission to fish in his lake. Peggy, of course, had written the letter, and the solemn process of directing the envelope, stamping it and finally posting it in the village, had been carried out if not with anxiety, at all events after the most serious discussion.

Mrs. Drury had not been hopeful. "Well, my dear," she said after hearing Peggy's letter read aloud, "nothing couldn't be nicer than the way you've written to him. No, I won't say more than that—nothing couldn't be nicer. But what he'll say—well, there, that's different."

James was consulted in the stables. "It doesn't seem much to ask," he observed thoughtfully. "When his lordship's away from home—I've been told there's fish of five, ten, twenty pound weight in that lake."

"James says the fish in the lake weigh twenty pounds each," Allen told me later.

When Lord Charterbury's reply arrived it was received from the postman's hand by the three children at the back door. There was no mistaking it; on the flap of the gray envelope was a coronet; in the left-hand

bottom corner under the address was inscribed the full name—"Charterbury."

It was borne to the dining-room. I am sure Peggy caught her breath as she tore open the envelope.

"Permit for a single person. Miss Grace Sargesson is hereby granted permission to fish in the lake in Charterbury Park between the hours of two and four p.m. on Saturday, June 16."

"But what does it mean?" asked Peggy.

"Isn't it us, then?" questioned Murray.

"But you asked if we might fish, not you," wailed Allen. "Besides, you don't fish. Besides, how could anybody fish from two to four? Why, you wouldn't have done dinner."

"Oh, dear," sighed Peggy. "I do think he might have. He would never have noticed us."

"I should think he was the most mangle person in the whole world," observed Allen. "Yes, because I heard one of the porters at the station say he was," he explained. "Dog in the mangle. I know."

So there was nothing for it but the pond belonging to the farmer. And about three o'clock on the opening day of the season we set out for the pond from the Grange. Murray and Allen each carried a fishing rod, rigged up at full length with reel, line, float and hook; I carried the tea in a basket; Peggy had a basket with bread and butter and cake. Allen's pockets bulged more than Murray's, I thought; perhaps he had more bait.

"But why do you carry your rods put together?" I asked. "Why not in their cases?"

"To save time, of course," said Allen. "How could you begin fishing if your rod was all in pieces?"

"When you put it together going

along the road you generally break something," Murray remarked. "So we rig up the rods before we start, and then we walk along like you see us, with the rod pointing behind."

"Yes, because if you carry it pointing forward like this, you see," explained Allen, "you might run into something—a tree, you know, or a wall. There, didn't I tell you?" He ran into a tree. I extricated the point of the rod without injury.

"Thank you very much," said Allen. "It was James told us never to carry our rods like that."

"I suppose James had to mend the rods."

"Yes. At least, he did once. I wasn't looking, you know, and I ran into a wall. So he spliced it in four places. And then he showed us how to carry it properly. Of course," he added, "you can catch it in a tree, even when you're walking with it behind you, if you hold it rather upright. I'll show you."

"No," I said; "wait to show James."

"I've shown James," said Allen.

The pond lay distant a field or two from the road, and we turned through a gate to walk over the close turf edging a field of barley. At the far side we came out on a field-path running to a stile; after that to an irregularly shaped strip of pasture.

"Come on," said Allen, and they ran.

The pond was an oddly straggling piece of water, partly deep and narrow, overgrown with blackthorn and alder, and partly open and shallow. The shallow, wide end was much trodden by cattle at the edge, and I found the two boys kneeling with their rods on the grass near an opening among the blackthorns, with what looked like pretty deep water under the bank. A dozen yards behind them was another small pond edged with rushes.

"Why, there are ponds all around you."

"Yes, but there's where we fish," said Murray, pointing to the dark water under the bank. "That little pond there has only got two fishes in it."

"Only two?"

"Allen put them there. At least, he didn't exactly put them."

"Threw them?"

"No. I don't quite know how you would say he did it. Oh," he broke off, "whatever is the matter?"

Allen had taken from his pocket a glass bottle and was contemplating its contents with dismay. It appeared to me to contain a quantity of very dry red sand.

"They can't have got out," he said.

"What can't?"

"My worms. Brandlings, they were."

He poured out the sand. Shrivelled remains fell with it. "But—but I thought they would like it. I didn't think they would do that, certainly I didn't."

"Oh, Allen, it's the sand for the canary," exclaimed Peggy.

"It's—it's—well, I can put it back again." The defunct brandlings re-entered the bottle. A thought struck him. "No," he said, and they emerged again. "I'll revive them." Out came a tin from another pocket. "I'll give them some of the other worms' milk."

"Good heavens!" I said.

"James told me how to do it," he explained, twisting at the lid. "You get some moss and put the worms in, and then pour milk on them. So I did that and then I——" He shook out a bundle of apparently well-aired moss. Then he picked up the lid. "I forgot the air-holes. It must have—yes."

Peggy darted at his pocket. "But you must have poured I don't know how much!" Murray, examining the moss, uttered dismay.

"I say!"

The moss was empty. The pocket! I seized it from Peggy. The pocket was empty. Silence fell upon us.

"I believe I forgot to put in the worms," said Allen.

The June sunshine was suddenly as empty as Allen's pocket.

"Then what are we to do?" asked Murray blankly.

And at that moment I was aware of a figure which separated itself from the shadow of an oak-tree on the far side of the pond, and set off first at a walk, then at a steady double across the fields towards the Grange. Allen looked quickly round, caught sight of the retreating figure, and jumped up and down in the greatest excitement.

"It's Jeffcoat—Jeffcoat! And he's running to fetch the worms! I know he is! I'm sure he is!"

And I stared into the distance at the yellow-bearded man of my first train-journey to Willowbourne.

"Isn't that the man——" I began. Peggy nodded. "He must have heard Allen say he'd forgotten the worms. He was waiting behind that tree, I expect."

"He always comes when we go out fishing, you know—at least, if it's Saturday, he does," explained Murray. "He's afraid of our getting drowned, I think. He follows us about, you know, often, only he doesn't come near, because he's most frightfully shy, and it wouldn't be unless you were drowning, or attacked by gipsies, or something like that, that he'd come close to you. He did pull Allen really out of the water once, at least, almost, because Allen—well, he slipped down the bank, you see, trying to see how deep the water was with a stick, and then Jeffcoat simply rushed out from right over there and pulled him up while he was trying to stop from slipping right in. And Peggy, she was

trying to get him out, you know, only she couldn't pull him up because the bank was so slippery."

"And where was James?"

"He'd gone to get us some more worms. We were waiting just like we are now. Oh, dear!" sighed Murray; "it does take a long time waiting for worms!"

"But look here," I said; "why not fish with paste?"

"Paste? Like what you stick stamps in with? But we haven't got any."

"This way," I told them, and soaked some of the bread out of Peggy's basket in the water.

"But that isn't a worm," objected Allen. "And it isn't a gentle maggot. How could you make it into a maggot?"

"They're carp you fish for, aren't they? And roach? Well, then, here you are," I told him, and gave him a baited hook.

"But—but—" He surveyed the hook with the deepest misgiving. "James never told us squashy bread would do, certainly he didn't."

"Well, you try."

The two baits dropped quietly into the water, and a red-and-yellow float cocked prettily a yard away from a green-and-white companion.

"But how simply delightful to be able to fish with bread!" exclaimed Peggy. "Oh, I shall like that. Do let me make some paste. Show me how." And her long fingers closed on an oozy slice; she kneaded it to the proper consistency, comparing it with mine, and looked up at me. "Is it really as good? Could I bait their hooks for them, then?"

"Of course you could." I showed her with a spare hook.

"But that makes all the difference in the world. Now I shan't mind."

"Did you mind before?"

She shuddered. "I simply can't help it," she told me.

"She always turns her back when James puts the worms on, you know. Look out, Allen! You've got a bite. You have! Wait! Oh, *do* wait!"

Allen did not wait. He took a half step backwards, grasped his rod firmly in both hands, and struck, or rather hauled, as one who should draw out Leviathan. The rod point dipped, the rod straightened and curved again, the float soared to heaven, there was a gasp from Murray, and a roach of perhaps three ounces flew from the hook, described a generous arc over a bramble bush, descended and fell with a loud smack in the centre of the small pond behind us.

Allen gazed with dismay into the sky, at his empty hook, at the widening circles on the little pond.

"There!" said Murray. "You've done it again. Now that's three. Three fishes because you will be so fearfully—because you won't do it like you've been shown."

"Is that what you meant when you said Allen had put two fish into that little pond?" I asked.

"Yes. Well, I didn't say put—I don't know how—I don't know what you would say."

"No," I said, "I don't."

"Look out!" exclaimed Murray. He too grasped his rod firmly. He too stepped manfully back. His rod too bent and straightened, but not so sharply as Allen's; his float, like Allen's, soared, but not so high; and Leviathan, in the shape of a three-ounce roach, sprang from the pond fifteen feet over its captor's head and lay flapping in the grass behind him.

Both boys rushed at the struggling creature. I imagined the probable course of action of James. "You'd better let me," I told them, and detached it. Allen looked eagerly about

him. "I know," he cried, darted to a blackberry-bush, and from devious and thorny depths drew forth, of all things in the world, a slop-pail. He rushed with it to the small pond, splashed half a pailful into the pail and another half-pailful over himself, and stood dripping before me. The little fish slid into the pail.

"Is that the way James lands his fish?" I asked.

"Yes. At least, he doesn't always land them quite so far," admitted Murray, glancing at the pond.

"It certainly likes swimming in the pail," observed Allen. And Peggy, who had been standing gazing into blue distances away from us, came over to us reassured.

"But where did you get the pail from?"

"The pail? That one? Hannah gave me that one. No, Hannah gave me the one that's there," he corrected himself, indicating a bush of gorse. "No, that one." He pointed to another bramble.

"Good gracious! Are there pails in all these bushes?"

"He brings them up here, you see, to take the fish back in," explained Murray. "And then if we don't catch any fish, you see, he puts the pail in a bush."

"There's two in that one," added Allen. "Off a rubbish heap, you know."

The floats were again cocked side by side in the pond. Peggy and I withdrew from the immediate neighborhood behind the fishermen.

"But, Peggy," I asked, "do you not like going fishing?"

She shook her head. "It isn't that. I do like the boys to go. Only I—I can't bear—it's seeing the poor things hurt, you know. Boys are different, of course, aren't they?"

"Well, they are."

"Don't you think I ought to let

them do all those things? All men fish, and shoot birds and creatures, don't they? Do all men shoot?" she asked.

"Well, I don't know. Not all."

"Don't you?"

"I do, Peggy: yes, I do."

"Well, that's what Nannie says. And I wanted to ask you, because—well, Allen's got a catapult."

"Oh, but that's dangerous. He's too young."

"But that's just it. He says you told him that you had a catapult when you were his age. You didn't, did you?"

"I did, Peggy. I oughtn't to have. I didn't think."

Peggy looked down and kneaded her soaked bread. "It—it sounds fearfully rude of me, talking to you like this, and asking you questions. Only I—you see, I knew you liked birds, and so—and so—"

"I oughtn't to have, Peggy."

"And so—well, I told Allen you couldn't have," she said, looking at me as if she were making a confession. "It—it's just I didn't think—I didn't know. I haven't got anybody to ask. I'll tell him—shall I tell him he can have the catapult, then?"

"No, certainly not. Don't let him have it."

"But you said—"

"Oh, Peggy, Peggy," I told her, "you ask me things I can't answer."

And she looked at me with troubled eyes. And I was never more grateful than I was to Allen that moment, for hurling through the air an absurdly small carp, which fortunately fell clear of the pond behind him and was duly transferred to the pail.

"That's two," he said. "If we get twenty, that'll be more than we had even on that day when they all went down the drain."

"Went down the drain?"

"Yes. We had all our fishes in a

tank, you know, in the kitchen garden, under the pump. And the garden boy had knocked out the plug in the drain in the corner, by accident, you know, and Murray came down the walk with Miss Lovejoy and he saw them going down, and he would have stopped them, only Miss Lovejoy reminded him that he was on his honor not to get wet, because he'd had simply a fearful cold, so before he could find the garden boy they all went down the drain, and the tank dried up. So Murray simply didn't know what to do, because all the fish were gone. Yes, and then Miss Lovejoy said she was pleased with him for resisting the temptation. And I said I should have put something straight in the drain, certainly I should. And so she—Look out!"

A fourth fish soared towards heaven.

We did not catch twenty, but sixteen, before it was time to set out for the Grange again. Peggy and I began to pack up the baskets; Allen advised Murray to fish hard, as there were only five minutes more, and suddenly Murray pointed to a large tin standing by itself on the grass.

"Why, it's the worms! I never saw them come."

Nobody had seen the man bring them. He must have quietly placed them on the grass when we were busy

with one of the captures, and must have slipped away as silently as he came. And as we stood up with our baskets, and Allen finally and very slowly removed his line from the water, a figure uprose from beside the oak tree on the far side of the pond. Allen looked up and called from where he stood.

"There's Jeffcoat! Will you carry our pail, Jeffcoat? We've got sixteen. Sixteen we've got." And he was suddenly occupied with the splendor of so great a capture. "Oh, I say, *do* let us get home quickly and put them in the tank."

So we walked home through the mellow sunlight and the lengthening shadows, Peggy and I and the boys with their rods shaking behind them, and Jeffcoat behind us all with the pail. And then, as we stepped out from the field gate to the road, a cloud drifted up over us, there was a patter of rain in the dust, and from the wood behind the church came the call I had been listening for—one single joyous call in the rain and sunshine, the last cuckoo of the year. Was it the last? I did not know, but the sound of it brought back once again the time when I heard it in May, the days that came after, and the sense of hope at an end.

Eric Parker.

(To be continued.)

"THE MEN HEMMED IN BY THE SPEARS."

BY BISHOP FRODSHAM.

Not of the princes and prelates with
periwigged charioteers,
Riding triumphantly laurelled to lap
the fat of the years—
Rather the scorned—the rejected—the
men hemmed in by the spears,
Of these shall . . . my tales be told.

Saltwater Ballads.

There is usually a marked difference
between the pioneers of colonization

and those who follow after. The second comers are without doubt the stuff from which a settled community is best made. They are usually more sober, more consistently regular in their work, more true to the type of older communities than are their predecessors. But their figures are more drab—less interesting.

During the decade I spent wandering to and fro on the face of tropical Australia I saw the old order slowly changing. It has not yet quite gone, but one by one the old hands are "crossing the great divide"—to use their own metaphor with its faint aroma of the gum-trees on the mountain-ranges that once separated the colonists from their land of pastoral promise. The successful men die in their Southern homes—for as a rule these leave the North to build themselves mansions near Melbourne, or homes by one of the land-locked inlets of Sydney Cove. The unsuccessful ones do as they have often done before. They start out alone on their last journey. The busy world who follow in their footsteps quickly forget the men who found and blazed the track. When they read in the papers that such and such an "early citizen" died at the local hospital, or was found dead in his solitary camp, they remember for a while, and then again forget. Yet the battered old derelict was not infrequently one whose name will live in the nomenclature of mountains, rivers, lakes, and plains.

Laudator temporis acti. The story of Australian exploration holdeth alike old men from the chimney-corner and children from their play. It is a record of men who knew how to face failure and, when necessary, to die with dignity. Some one has tried to count how many hundred places in Australia rejoice in the descriptive cognizance of Sandy Creek. Who has reckoned how many mountains, gullies, and flats testify by their names to the desolation of the scene, or to the despair of those who first gazed upon it?

As an example of undaunted courage it would be difficult to surpass that shown by Burke and Wills in their dramatic dash across the continent from South to North. Much of

the country over which they travelled I know well. It is not all easy to travel now. What it was like then God only knows. The dash from Cooper's Creek in South Queensland to the Gulf of Carpentaria was magnificent, but it was not marked by even moderate precaution. The explorers took only three months' provision with them! One by one their camels were exhausted, and when the last camel sank on its knees Burke and Wills took their only horse to carry a small quantity of stores, and, leaving Gray and King behind, set out by themselves on foot. Not long afterwards the horse became inextricably bogged. Still the two pressed on. At last they reached a narrow inlet in the Gulf of Carpentaria where the noble river they had followed sagged into mangrove swamps and sand. The plains through which they had passed are covered now by sheep. The broken country is intersected by railways and dotted with mining townships. The Flinders and the Leichhardt Rivers are flanked by cattle-stations. But the salt-pans guarding the sand shoals of the Gulf are as forbidding as they were when the first white men saw them—and turned back. There are Miles and miles and miles of desolation,

Leagues on leagues of land without a change.

The story of the return is almost too painful to tell. One after the other blundered, and despite their magnificent courage the bush swallowed them up. Gray was the first to die. Then Wills was left, tenderly enough, with a bag of lily-roots close to his head, while Burke and King started on their forlorn hope for help. Then Burke died. And the relief party found King only alive. He was sitting in a native hut, pale, haggard, and wasted to a shadow.

The aborigines, in the case of Burke

and Wills, were not unkind. King, after he had cured their chief of a simple malady, was a great favorite in one tribe near Cooper's Creek in South Queensland. But by coming in to their midst unasked, without proper formalities, the explorers contravened the rigid social laws of the most primitive and conservative race in the world. Sometimes also their belongings irresistibly tempted cupidity. So in another expedition the explorer Baxter was speared by the blacks, and his companion, Eyre, passed a night beside the dead body of his friend, peering into the darkness. As a rule the aborigines do not attack at night, but the tension of watching for them in the velvet darkness—for it is unsafe to light a fire—has to be experienced to be understood. Eyre wrote in his diary: "Ages can never efface the horrors of that single night."

To those who are in the least familiar with the map of Australia, Cape York points like a huge finger towards that quarter of the globe where lurks the "yellow peril." The Cape York peninsula in itself has little to attract humanity, yellow or white, but there are few parts of Australia where the aborigines contended more fiercely against the early pioneers—explorers, miners, and pastoralists. Their glory has departed, but stories of the fierce old days are still told in Cooktown and behind the Laura ranges. The miners blundered more often than not towards their fate. Kennedy, the man who first explored the York peninsula, was a capable and alert bushman. He had almost completed his task, and was only a few miles from the headland when an unseen hand hurled a spear from amongst the trees. So he died. And thus the map of Australia was filled in.

The primary result of these explorations has been a magnificent

achievement. In little over a century a continent, almost as large as Europe, has been organized throughout. Although it may not be practicable for wayfaring men to walk, at least in moderate comfort, from Cape York to the Leeuwin, yet peace and justice rule throughout the land. In the Southern parts the development has been phenomenally satisfactory. In the tropics the work of colonization is still in its tentative stages, but the task is not so grim as it was even ten years ago. Now the railways are stretching out their thin tendrils far and wide. Before long the connections will be completed. East and West, North and South, will be linked together—and incidentally Australia's greatest curse, the drought, has been robbed of its utmost horror. Sometimes the sybarite traveller in North Queensland is loud in his complaints of narrow-gauge railways, and of trains counted passing quick at twenty miles an hour. I have frequently listened to these complaints, and I have also watched the brown thin face of one of the old hands listening too. How could the speakers understand what it was to travel over the same country before the railways came? They had never pulled after them an unwilling packhorse, or coughed behind in the fine dust raised by its shuffling feet. They had never been caught by the rains and spent days clearing the thick adhesive mud from the coach-wheels, sleeping in the same mud at night. They had never camped by flooded rivers now bridged by the railway, nor seen the stock dying in the drought like flies. The spare, silent man knew, as they did not know, that the railways in Australia stand for more than speed and comfort. They are essential for the preservation of the flickering flame of life in hundreds of thousands of helpless animals.

The droughts are the greatest curses of Australia, but, speaking generally, they are extraordinarily local. A few hundred square miles, or even less, are affected. Beyond there may be abundance of grass and water, but the stock could not be overlanded through the intervening dry country before the railways were made—now all is different. Huge fortunes have been made, and are being made, by pastoralists. The Banks and other Companies have stations in many various parts of the continent. The losses in one drought-stricken area are more than compensated by the profits of the remainder. But who can tell the tale of the men who failed—the men who saw their fortunes melt away, their stock decrease and their overdrafts increase, until they themselves were left penniless, or were retained as managers on the stations they once owned? I was in Australia all through the "great drought" which lasted almost eight years. Between 1895 and 1901 the number of sheep decreased from over 106 millions to 72 millions—then in one year the number dropped to 53 millions. In 1901 I travelled through the drought-stricken country in South Queensland, and the track for some three hundred miles was like a huge battlefield—saving that there were no human corpses. It was horrible, but—and this was the strangest thing—I seldom heard a word of complaint, even though I was in a country of ruined men.

One characteristic and distressing feature of the drought is that the clouds constantly raise hopes only to baffle them. Normally the thunderstorms take three or four days to "work up," and then the reservoirs of heaven are opened. The preliminaries of these storms occur during a drought. Shortly after noon on the third or fourth day, white clouds form on the

horizon. Later in the afternoon the sky is covered with mountainous heaps of blackness. The muttering thunder culminates in a salvo of heaven's artillery. A few drops of rain, broad as florins, pick up the dust like rifle-bullets. That is the climax. The clouds then melt away as smoke, and a brazen sun, under an inverted bowl, is left to lord it over a panting, impotent earth. The whole spectacle is magnificent, but it is heartbreaking. I once watched such a phantasmagoric storm with a spare sunburnt squatter by my side. With a simple comment that better luck might come next time, he departed to perform the heart-rending task of weighing out the ounce or two of Indian corn allowed to each sheep as sufficient to keep bare life for a while in the remnant that was left. The decreasing store of grain was doled out like rations to shipwrecked sailors on a raft. The fashion in which stock died on that station, I remember, was both curious and characteristic. The sheep, like the cattle, fell around some familiar but dried-up waterhole. The horses pressed as near as ever the gates would suffer them to the homestead. This latter fact, united with their own helplessness, formed no small part of the horror of the situation to the men hemmed in by the spears.

Another class of men, the product of surroundings and their own infirmities, is fast disappearing from Australia, having served their generation. They are called locally "fossickers"—quaint searchers for an Eldorado amongst the mountain-ranges. Their successors are more scientific, perhaps more successful, in their search for gold, copper, tin, wolfram, and all the other multitudinous metals of Australia. They are not so quaint, so characteristic, so pathetic. The "fossickers" probably commenced their several wanderings

in the days of the gold rushes, when the finding of a nugget in the alluvial clay gathered the miners together like eagles to the carcass. Now the alluvial diggings have been abandoned, even by Chinese camp-followers, to perhaps one wanderer who has grown old, and has abandoned the hope of finding a place more like Eldorado than the sandy bed of some inland river. Yet if the true "fossicker" in earlier days had found a second Mount Morgan he would cheerfully have sold his claim to some better business man than himself, and, driven by his *wanderlust*, would have continued his search.

Bret Harte accustomed one to the figures of big-hearted, garrulous, heavy-drinking, sentimental, hirsute gold-miners. Such, if they ever existed in Australia, are now as non-existent as the dodo. Gold is now crushed and cyanided from the stone, eight pennyweights or more to the ton. The modern gold-miner is a shrewd, intelligent, prosaic individual—a keen politician and an even keener speculator in mining stock. The "fossicker" is more frequently a solitary, taciturn, and not aggressively clean hermit. He sometimes carries a fly-tent in his wanderings, and he retires to a more permanent habitation constructed from old boards, old roof-iron, and kerosene-tins cut and flattened out as wall plates. In the fierce sunlight this house is almost as hot as a Dutch oven. At night, at least in winter, it is as cold as charity. It lets in every vagrant wind as blows. And in the wet season it is as waterproof as a garden sieve. His human mate is replaced usually by a truculent yellow-eyed dog, whose long wolf trot, and a capacity for turning his head round over his shoulder as he runs, points to near relationship to a dingo—probably on the distaff side.

A grimly characteristic incident occurred a few years ago in North

Queensland. The rumor of a fresh find of gold took a few miners to some abandoned diggings on the Florence River. Two camped by a waterhole, where they were plagued by dingoes who invaded their camp, stealing whatever they could. The men adopted the usual and obvious remedy. They "laid a bait"—that is they placed some poisoned food on the ground for the dingoes to take. Unhappily, on the very day they adopted the remedy, an old "fossicker," with his dog, came in their temporary absence to seek some salt. His dog found the poisoned meat, ate it, and died. The old man grimly waited until the two returned at sundown, shot one dead without parley, and tried his best to kill the other. Then he "took to the bush," and for over six weeks eluded his pursuers, although the whole community were scouring the ranges for him. At last he was captured and brought to trial. His only plea was the fierce question, "What call had they to stiffen my dog?" The lack of intent on the part of his unfortunate victim was unheeded equally with the heinous character of his own act. All attempts to move the old man were countered by a reiteration of his original question.

As a matter of fact, these nomads are seldom altogether sane. In the silence of the bush they talk to themselves, to their dogs and to the trees, but they cannot bring themselves to speak to human beings. Once during one of my wanderings I received a verbal message that such a man was expecting me to camp with him. I went, and found the most careful preparations had been made for my visit, but my host had disappeared. There was evidence that he had waited until the dust of the horses in the distance heralded my approach, and then he had taken to the bush. He could not bring himself even to face a human being whom he was evil-

dently wishful to meet. I never saw him.

A pathetic story has been told of an old solitary bushman whose young wife had died in childhood twoscore years before. The old man had forgotten the closing scenes. He remembered only the bitter-sweet of earlier days. His wife still lived with him, he believed, but she was always out when any chance stranger accepted his ready hospitality. The worn-out brain recorded so far truly. It prompted, however, an apology, not for the wife's temporary absence, but for her presence at all in such rough surroundings. "She would come. I could not stop her coming with me. But it's no place for a woman. It's no place for a woman." The story rings true. I have always known that women bear the heaviest part of empire-building in the beginnings—at least those women who will not leave their men—no matter what their men may say. But what poet will adequately sing of their sorrows and make us realize how they meet disaster after disaster as the closing years hem in their lives?

It is a strange thing that gentlemen, like women, when they fall, seem to go under completely—irretrievably. One blazing summer noon I met a rough-looking man in the gray shirt and moleskin trousers so characteristic of the bush. I remember that I was similarly clad. He was leaving, as I was entering, a bush "hotel." We recognized one another at sight, although we had not met since the night when I sat next him at his regimental mess. I asked him to come and see me at Bishop's Lodge, and told him he could use any cognomen he liked. But, with the smile I remembered almost painfully, he refused. He had forgotten how to behave, he said, and all I could urge did not shake his determination. There are many such.

The Cornhill Magazine.

They meet their fate, as they met their disgrace, with a nonchalance that is not the least valuable asset of a gentleman.

There are lower depths for gentlemen than boundary-riding under an assumed name—depths more abysmal because more hopeless. A man who is above the average gets on in Australia far quicker than he could do normally in the old country. Such a man may retrieve a folly, even a disgrace, and build up again an honorable name. But what about the feeble folk who are sent abroad, to relieve their friends at home of their presence, with a remittance paid regularly upon one condition—that they themselves do not return? The late Mr. Whympers used to say that the hardest task of all in mountaineering was helping a weak climber. The same is true of these poor derelicts of family life. What is the frame of mind that makes fathers send such—sons of their own begetting—to the outposts of civilization? Is it the same short-sighted optimism as that which makes their boys so little capable of distinguishing between dreams and reality—castles in Spain and the squalid actualities of a bush hotel?

Let another assess the essential value of the lives of those who succeed and of those who fail—those of whom all men speak well and those whom the world counts undone. The men in tropical Australia who appealed to me most, whom I think I loved the best, were those who had not realized all that their hearts desired. My heart aches now as I recall some who failed altogether—compassed by their own infirmities, hemmed in by cruel circumstance.

The men of the battered battalion
which fights till it dies,
Dazed with the dust of battle, the din
and the cries,

The men with the broken heads and
the blood running into their eyes.

THE IRISH GENTRY.

There was published last summer a book interesting as the biography of a remarkable individual, but no less interesting as depicting the crucial moment in the history of an aristocracy. Colonel Moore wisely entitles the life of his father simply *An Irish Gentleman*. Versatile, eloquent, quick-tempered and loveable, excessive in generosity, excessive in courage and self-confidence, with the racecourse for his ruling passion and horsemanship for his supreme achievement, George Henry Moore was the paragon of his class. He displayed in the highest degree those qualities on which the Irish gentry prided themselves and which they most admired: he shared the prestige and power of Irish landlords when prestige and power were at their height; and he confronted the decisive hour when he, and men like him, had to choose between the interest of their country and the interest of their class. There he separated himself from his fellows; he parted from all to whom he was bound by ties of immediate advantage, of pleasure, of association, of affection; and he threw in his lot with Ireland. He saw first the moral bankruptcy of his own class, then their widespread financial ruin; and though he helped to break their political power, and in so doing earned the general love of his countrymen, yet the troubles which beset the landlord class did not spare him, and he died, broken-hearted, forty-three years ago, at the beginning of a struggle which is not ended yet. On the eve of a great turning-point in Irish history, it is well worth while to consider the circumstances of that stormy career.

First a brilliant schoolboy, then an idle law student, George Henry Moore was driven to travel by the

complications of a passionate love affair, and he travelled adventurously, being a pioneer of exploration in the Caucasus and Syria. Sketches reproduced in the book show that he could draw no less well than he wrote. Returning to Ireland at the age of twenty-seven, he devoted himself entirely to hunting and racing, and few men were better known on the turf, nor were there even in the West of Ireland more desperate riders than his brother and himself. George Henry was carried off the field at Cahir in 1843 to all appearance dead; he was alive enough to hear discussion as to his burial. Augustus, less lucky, died of a fall he took riding Mickey Free in the Grand National two years later. The brothers were closely bound to each other in affection, and this was a heavy blow to the survivor; but George Moore continued to race, and in 1846 made the coup of his life, winning 10,000*l.* on Coranna for the Chester Cup. He sent 1000*l.* of it home for distribution among his tenants, and there was soon sore need of the money, for that year saw the second and disastrous failure of the potato crop. The Irish Famine made the turning-point in Moore's history, as in that of his class. The catastrophe which brought him into public life and into the service of his country demonstrated, cruelly enough—though this was the least of its cruelties—the futility of the Irish gentry as a whole.

By the shock of his brother's death in 1845 Moore's mind had been turned to serious thoughts. Matter was not lacking. The report of the Devon Commission upon Irish land, joined to the first failure of the potato crop—with its signals of distress and widespread agrarian crime—gave any Irish landlord food for reflection, and in

March 1846, when a vacancy occurred in the representation of Mayo, Moore came forward as a Whig candidate. The whole landlord interest was at his back, but a Repealer opposed him, and O'Connell's influence carried the day. There were fierce encounters, the landlords marching their tenants to the poll under guards of soldiers, the popular side falling upon these escorts and sometimes carrying off the voters—or enabling them to escape. One of Moore's friends, Mr. Browne, afterwards Lord Oranmore, wrote: "I now see we owe our lives to the priests, as they can excite the whole people against us whenever they like. Whatever may be the cause, Ireland needs reconquering."

That was a typical expression of the gentry's view. Plainly Ireland was in rebellion when landlords could no longer carry their tenants to the polls to vote as the landlord directed. Moore however differed from the generality of Irish landlords in one important respect. He was not divided by religion from the people over whom he ruled, and he can never have had Mr. Browne's feeling of aloofness from Ireland as a country which might need reconquering to re-establish the ascendancy of the "English garrison"; nor was it natural to him to distrust the priests as leaders of a separate and subject race.

In the autumn of 1846, when the threat of famine had become a certainty, Moore came home to Mayo, where there was grim business to be done. His tenants, on an estate running up into the wild Partry mountains, numbered five thousand souls. For their benefit he utilized far more of his winnings on "Coranna" than the title which he had originally earmarked; and not one of all these his dependants died of want in that outlandish region, though in places far less remote death was ravenous. He

was chairman of the Relief Board for the whole county, and slaved at his task—not harder than other landlords in other parts of Ireland. But his methods were more drastic, his view of the situation clearer. Folk must have rubbed their eyes and perhaps stopped to think twice when the owner of "Wolfdog," of "Anonymous," and a score of other famous horses, wrote, in answer to a request for his annual subscription to the local races, that he thought the county of Mayo "as little fit to be the scene of such festivities as he to contribute to their celebration."

But Moore did not content himself with mere administration of relief. He saw that the English Government was apathetic and incompetent to face so terrible an affliction, and he took in hand to create within his own class an organized force of Irish opinion to bind together the ruling Irishmen for the good of Ireland. In company with his friend and kinsman, Lord Sligo, he "travelled through twenty-seven counties and personally conferred with most of the leading men in Ireland on the urgent necessity of a united effort to save the sinking people." The result was that between sixty and seventy members of Parliament and some forty peers pledged themselves to endeavor to secure united action upon measures regarding Ireland in the new session. On the 14th of January 1847 the Irish landlord class held such a muster as had not been seen since the Union. "Nearly twenty peers, more than thirty members of Parliament, and at least six hundred gentlemen of name and station took part in it. The meeting called on Government to prohibit export of food stuffs and to sacrifice any sum that might be required to save the lives of the people." It passed thirty resolutions without dissension; and then some one asked what was to be done

if the Government refused to adopt any of their suggestions. Would Irish members then unite to vote against the Government? To this, Irish members refused to pledge themselves, and Moore, as he said afterwards, "saw at a glance that the confederacy had broken down."

That was the end of the revolt of the Irish gentry. That was really the decisive moment of their failure; disorganized and futile, they went down by scores in the ruin of the Encumbered Estates Court, while their tenants were marking with their bones a road across the Atlantic. As for the landlords who were popular leaders, within a few months after that great assembly, Daniel O'Connell, who had proposed the first resolution, died in Rome, heart-broken. A few months more and Smith O'Brien, the mover of another resolution, headed a rebellion in sheer despair.

Smith O'Brien had twenty years of parliamentary life behind him when he was driven to the wild protest of insurrection. Twenty years of the same experience were to bring Moore to a very similar attitude; but in 1847 Moore was hopeful of building up in Parliament the nucleus of an Independent Irish Party. When the dissolution came, in 1847, he stood for a second time, but as an Independent, and his work in the famine times carried at least its recognition. Every single elector who went to the poll gave one of his two votes to the Independent. He went to Westminster and denounced with equal energy the agrarian murders, which were then rife in Ireland, and those organs of publicity in England which sought to magnify these outrages into an indictment against the Irish nation. The ferment of indignation against English methods had not yet died out in the hearts of Irish landlords. Lord Sligo, writing to Moore concerning the

controversy which followed, used these words: "I believe that *The Times* did much to cause the feeling which resulted in landlord and parson shooting; it will end by turning us all into Repealers." If only it had! But Moore got no help from the landlord class, and the well-to-do Catholic professional men with whom he was principally allied proved themselves unable to resist the temptations of office and of personal interest. In the days of Sadleir and Keogh he fought a desperate fight against Whig place-seekers; his reward was to be finally unseated (in 1857) on an election petition, the charge being that spiritual intimidation had been exercised on his behalf by the priests. As Colonel Moore observes, if a landlord threatened his tenants with disfavor, which meant eviction, that was "only a legitimate exercise of their rights of property"; but if a priest told his flock that a man would imperil his soul by selling his vote or prostituting it to the use of a despot, the candidate whom that priest supported would lose his seat and be disqualified for re-election.

From this time onward George Henry Moore found himself heading the same way as Smith O'Brien had gone. In 1861 he told the Irish people that if they desired freedom they must take a lesson from Italy; they must "become dangerous"; and he advocated the formation of a new Irish volunteer force to emulate that of 1782. Nothing came of this; but after the American war a new movement grew up, not this time among the landlords or the professional men, nor countenanced by the priests, but nursed in the fierce heart of the people. Ireland had become dangerous. Colonel Moore recognizes rightly the difference between the Fenian organization and the Young Ireland movement which had preceded it. Both

were idealistic, but the idealism of 1848 was "the inspiration of a few literary gentlemen, poets, and writers." Smith O'Brien, its titular head, was influenced profoundly by the aristocratic conception of his rightful place as representing the Kings of Thomond. Fenianism was democratic; it was officered largely by men who had themselves fought in the most stubborn of modern wars and who had seen what Irish regiments could do in the citizen levies of Federals and Confederates. It was spontaneous, and it was strong; the measure of its strength is given not by the few flickering outbreaks easily suppressed, but by the terror which it inspired, and by the change which it wrought in the spirit of the people. Moore when he took the step, extraordinary for a man in his position, of enrolling himself in that sworn and secret conspiracy can hardly have failed to foresee the collapse of Fenianism as a fighting force; but he recognized that (in his son's words) "the old complacent toleration of schemers and dishonest politicians had vanished and a sturdy independence had taken its place."

With the advent of that spirit the power of the Irish landlords was doomed. They had made their choice; when they might have made common cause with the whole people of Ireland they had refused to rise beyond their immediate personal advantage and the interests of their class. Moore, who was of themselves, who shared all their pleasures, who loved them, was forced to take a hand in their overthrow. From 1858 onward he had been almost entirely out of politics, living the life of a popular country gentleman, racing and hunting more successfully than ever; his most famous horse, "Croagh Patrick," ran in the 'sixties. But in 1868 he flung all this aside, sold his horses, and undertook to fight the alliance of Whig

and Tory which had dominated County Mayo in the landlord interest for ten years.

I shall have the question settled [he said] whether one lord shall drive a hundred human souls to the hustings, another fifty, another a score; whether this or that squire shall call twenty, or ten, or five as good men as himself "his voters" and send them up with his brand on their backs to vote for an omadhaun at his bidding.

He did settle it. Mayo beat the landlords then, and Mayo became the cradle of popular movements ever after. This most typical of Irish landowning gentlemen had been forced to sever himself from his class and even to injure his class, and it was not by advocacy of self-government that he estranged so close a friend as Lord Sligo. Fintan Lalor's policy, rejected by the Young Irelanders in 1846, was beginning to take hold in 1868; the movement for self-government was becoming linked on to the driving force of land-hunger. In the eyes of Lord Sligo and all his class Tenant Right meant Landlord Wrong, and Moore himself was not exempt from that feeling. He suffered indeed, for rents that he had reduced to a figure fixed by the tenants' own arbitrators were withheld from him. Yet he knew clearly that it was necessary for the country, and not more necessary than just, to secure the tenants in their holdings. No one disputes now that he was right. But the last thing he desired was to abolish the landlords. If they did not like the leadership of the priests "they have," he said, "a remedy left; let them make themselves more popular than the priests. If the landlords will make common cause with the people, the people will make common cause with them." There was never a truer word spoken, but it fell on closed ears.

Moore himself broke the landlords'

power at the polls; their infinitely greater power, proceeding from control of the land, was broken by another Mayo man, Michael Davitt, the evicted peasant from Straide, close by Moore Hall. That fight was bound to come when Moore's warning and the warning of men like him was set at naught. What a change it has made! and what has been lost to Ireland!

Moore died in 1870. His last year of life saw a hope that Presbyterian farmers of the North, interested in Tenant Right, who had been temporarily allied to Catholics in the struggle for Disestablishment, might unite solidly with the Nationalists. Even the Protestant gentry afforded numerous supporters to Butt's Home Rule policy at its outset. But of this nothing serious came. The Land Act of 1870 was ineffective, and it seemed that, in spite of Fenianism, all would go on as before. Throughout the 'seventies the landlord class was in undisturbed supremacy. Country gentlemen still talked in good set phrase about "the robbery of the Church"; in actual fact they were very complacently and competently helping to administer its new constitution. Agriculture was prosperous and rents went high, though the harsh and overbearing landlord was condemned by his fellows. This, however, was poor consolation to the tenants. In the county where I was brought up, one landlord was a name of terror, and there was no redress from his tyranny, until at last the peasantry found it for themselves. The grim old man died fighting hard before his brains were dashed out on the roadside, and two innocent people were killed along with him; but no sane person could fail to perceive that, within five years of his taking off, the whole district was improved out of knowledge. The moral to be drawn was only too obvious; yet none of the landlords drew

it; the established interest of a class is too strong a thing for that class to shake themselves out of its influence.

The men of that generation—how well I remember them! most vividly perhaps as they used to come in to church on Sunday morning, when the ladies of their families addressed themselves to devotions kneeling, while the men said their prayers standing, peering mysteriously into their tall hats—a strange ritual, of which traces may be observed at the House of Commons, but nowhere else, I fancy, on earth. On week days they lived an orderly, dignified existence in their big old-fashioned houses, leaving home little, though the more cultivated among them had travelled in their youth and knew thoroughly some foreign country. In their own orbit they had power, leisure, and deference, all of which set a stamp upon them; individuality had great scope to develop, and an able man among them was a man made for government. One such stands out in my memory. Stormy tales were told of his youth, but from himself no one heard a whisper of these far-off exploits; small, exquisitely neat, finely made and finely featured, he was courteous and gentle-spoken with all; but he was of those quiet creatures who breed fear. I cannot imagine the situation of power or responsibility from which he would have shrunk, or to which he would have been unequal; neither can I imagine him anxious in the pursuit of office. That was Parnell's type. Parnell's strength appears to have lain precisely in that self-confidence which was a law to itself and which no prestige of fame or authority could shake or overawe. The men who might have been Ireland's leaders were men extraordinarily suited for the conduct of affairs, but as a class they had been thrown out of their natural relation. Castlereagh,

who in his cold efficiency had much in common with Parnell, accomplished a desperate deed when he made the Union through them. He committed their honor to justify for all time that transaction. If those who condemned the Union were not traitors, then the class from whom it was bought with cash and titles stood convicted of infamy; and since the heart of Ireland loathed and detested Castlereagh's work, the whole body of the Irish gentry found themselves inevitably estranged from the heart of Ireland. On one side was the interest of a class—and not merely the material interest but the interest of its honor, which sought a justification in the name of loyalty; on the other was the interest of Ireland; and the landlord who chose the side of Ireland severed himself necessarily, as Moore had to do, from his own friends and kin.

To-day there moves through many minds in Ireland the question whether this state of things must permanently endure. Is that estrangement inevitable? I at least think otherwise. Throughout the last two decades of the nineteenth century landlord and tenant were opposed in a struggle for definite material interests; it was a fight not only for free conditions of tenure but for the reduction of rent, if not for its total abolition. A way of peace was found in State-aided land purchase, and in a reconstitution of the whole agricultural order. The landlords, where they have been bought out, have not even the duty of rent collecting. How will this affect their traditional attitude, which calls itself loyalty to the English connection, but which I interpret rather as a traditional justification of the Union and of the hereditary landlord policy? When self-government is established without dissolution of the legislative Union—which is maintained under the Home Rule Bill by Ireland's continued

representation at Westminster—is it not reasonable to suppose that there will be a change in men's dispositions?

The question involved is really more serious, though of far less political importance, than that of Ulster. Whatever happens, the industrial community of Belfast and its district is not going to run away. That element will not be lost to Ireland; it is too strong, too well able to assert itself; and it is anchored by its interest. The ex-landlords, now that their occupation is gone, are bound to Ireland only by habit and attachment. At present they fulfil no essential function; and it will be open undoubtedly for the gentry once more to make an error mischievous to Ireland and disastrous to themselves. They may take up the line of unwilling submission, of refusal to co-operate, of cold-shouldering and crying down the new Parliament and the new Ministry. Social pressure may be exercised to keep men from seeking election, and so to perpetuate the existing severance between the leisured and wealthier classes and the main body of the nation. There will be strong tendencies in this direction. But on the other hand I think that among the men who have grown up under the new order there is an increasing willingness to accept the change. One friend of mine—no politician, and, like all non-politicians, a Unionist—said to me lately that he would be rather disappointed if Home Rule did not become law—he was “curious about it”; and he added “I think a great many like me have the same feeling.” Others probably have a more positive outlook, and desire to take an active part in the public life of their country; and there will be a strong desire among Irish Nationalists to bring in at the outset those who wish to come in. On the other hand, no less certainly,

there will be the feeling that is natural towards those who wish to reap where they have not sown; and the gentry will need to make allowance for this. If they set out with the notion, as some did when Local Government was established, that places are theirs by right when they condescend to take them—that they are entitled to election because they have more money, more education, because, if you will, they are, in the eye of pure reason, better qualified—nothing but trouble can come of such a disposition. Ireland, which in George Henry Moore's time was the most aristocratically governed part of the British Isles, is now by far more democratic, at all events, than England: the poor man is on a level with the rich, and means to stay there. Those who want to go into Irish politics, under Home Rule as now, must take their chances in the ruck; but if they do, they will find a people ready and even eager to recognize their qualities, and to allot perhaps more consideration than is due to their social position.

With all their practical democracy, the Irish have a great tenderness for
The Nineteenth Century and After.

"the old stock." In the cases (and there are many hundreds of them) where a landlord or professional man or Protestant clergyman has been for long years a real friend and support and counsellor to his poorer neighbors, as Irish in voice and looks and gesture as they, sharing their tastes and their aversions, their sport and their sorrow, yet divided and cut off from them by a kind of political religion, I believe from my heart that there will be on both sides a willingness to celebrate the end of that old discord in some happy compact. But on both sides there must be generosity and a sympathy with natural hesitations and reluctances. Whatever comes or goes, the old domination of the gentry has disappeared; yet, whatever comes or goes, men of that class may find a sphere of usefulness and even of power in Ireland. But this will be infinitely easier to achieve when the great subject of contention is removed, and when the ex-landlord can seek election, and the ex-tenant can support him, without a sense on either side of turning against the traditional loyalties of a class.

Stephen Gwynn.

THE VANITY OF THE WIDOW O'TOOLE.

Half a mîle beyond Andy Finnigan's cabin on the Cloonagh road stood the cozy-looking house owned by the widow O'Toole and her son, Cornelius. The widow O'Toole's husband had been struck down "be the hand o' God in shape of a stone in the heel o' Michael O'Flaherty's stocking" about four years ago. Michael had a playful way of clearing a space round his person, after a successful fair, by taking off a superfluous garment, filling the pocket with stones, and using it as a flail by whirling it round his head.

By this means he quickly secured enough space in which to dance, no matter how great the crowd. The few knocks occasioned were received in good part, for it was worth anyone's while to watch Michael O'Flaherty dance a jig to the tune of St. Patrick's Day "and he tight and hearty."

"Bedad, thin, if Michael has enough of the craythur in him you'd be hard set to find the spider's web he couldn't dance above on without breaking a strand of it, so you couldn't," Biddy Finnigan had said,

after admiring him at a safe distance.

But one day Michael lost his grip of the flail, which flew out at right angles with the speed of a meteor and felled Paddy O'Toole in such style that the poor man never rose again. Michael took the night train for Cork, while his admirers carried the remains of poor Paddy home to his wife.

The widow O'Toole was not of a nature to bear malice for any length of time, and Michael O'Flaherty's family had come forward handsomely in the way of funds for masses for the dead man's soul. "Sure the craythurs, what more could they do? As like as not me own Paddy might have felled Michael in a mistake any day. It isn't manners to be making too much talk out of a small bit of an accident the like of that. Thanks be to God there's others will have to be keeping an eye on him now."

With the help of her son the little old woman had managed to make ends meet. Not only that, but there never was a neighbor who wanted a helping hand who couldn't get the loan of a spoonful of tea or a fistful of flour just by putting their heads over the half-door and asking for it. And poor as the neighbors might be, the widow O'Toole had seldom had to complain that the loan had not been made good to her when opportunity offered, as it generally did in the shape of a remittance from America. Corney, too, was a popular person about the place, and feeling went out strongly to the family when Corney made up his reluctant mind that he must go to Cork city to try and make some money to keep the bit o' a place together.

The roof of their cabin would have gladdened the eye of an artist. In summer-time the kindly thatch gave welcome to many a handsome visitor. Wild corncockle flaunted his golden discs among the wallflowers, while

scarlet valerian grew in gorgeous luxuriance on the topmost ridge, showering its blossoms on either side. But in winter time they basely betrayed their host by leaving ugly holes where their stems had rotted away, and through which the rain dripped dismally on the heads inside. Neither Corney nor his mother had the wherewithal to re-thatch the cabin, so both came to the conclusion that Corney must put himself in the way of making something more than he'd be apt to make in a poor bit of a place the like of Cloonagh.

Two years had passed and the widow O'Toole was expecting her son back from Cork on a visit. She had aged a good deal in that time, but still there never was a Sunday morning, wet or dry, that didn't see her in her little ass cart jogging off to mass, an exquisitely frilled white cap tied securely under her chin, and a red checked shawl pinned round it. Her big brown shawl was the envy of the neighbors, and was a present Corney had sent her from Cork with his first savings.

"The Widdy O'Toole wouldn't make any bones about trampin' into Cloonagh on her ten bare toes, but a body would want to have more lives to spare than the one to make it worth while's advisin' the woman to lave her clean cap afther her a day it would pourin' be wid rain. Musha, the vanity of the ould craythur's somethin' sinful!"

Matty Doolan had repaid the loan of a pound of potatoes last evening, so felt free to give an opinion on the extravagant ways of her neighbor. She had long been of opinion that a widdy woman didn't ought to set herself up above her neighbors in that style. "Musha, cock her up wid her fresh starched caps every other day!"

"Arrah! hould your whisht, Matty: it's the rale good poor body she is to

myself and childher this good while back. God knows she might be havin' twenty caps a day for all you'd be starchin' them for her—or she axin' a hand's turn from you either ways!"

Mary Murphy wrapped her shawl round her thin careworn face and lifted her basket with a resentful look at **Matty**.

"Well, then, that's a true word for you, Mrs. Murphy, ma'am. The craythur has the rale good heart, and where she does be gettin' what she does be giving would bother Banagher to know. It's me own belief the woman goes widout herself," said another neighbor heartily as Mary moved away.

The widow O'Toole was at that very moment trying to pretend she was enjoying a cup of tea without any milk, the latter having been given over to Polly Cassidy, who had run in to ask for the loan of a sup for her mother who couldn't fancy anything.

"Sure, what's a sup of milk here or there, and Corney comin' back to me the mornin'," argued Molly. "He'll be the great big man entirely—wid a beard on him as like as not, the spalpeen!" and she laughed to herself delightedly.

"I had a right to be settin' me cap in order again the boy come home."

Next day Corney arrived home with a large box under his arm. Molly O'Toole spread him a sumptuous feast, consisting of tea as black as your hat and bacon frizzled to a turn—the result of several weeks pinching on her account. When Corney was comfortably established by the fireside with his pipe, he opened the box with great ceremony.

"I have a bit of a present I'm after bringing you from Cork, mother. What would you say to that now?" he asked, and triumphantly pulling the last wrappers off he exhibited an erection of velvet feathers and flowers

that made Molly O'Toole catch her breath and consequently cough violently "wid a quare kind o' start," as she put it afterwards.

"Lor' save us, Corney! Is it a music box?" asked Molly, who had once seen a case of stuffed birds with a ribbon attached, which, when pulled, made what the showman had called "music any angel might fancy along wid his harp."

"Deed, thin, it is not, nor any sort of a music box," said Corney disgustedly. "It's just a bonnet for yourself to be wearin' come Sundays and fair days and the like."

"Glory be to goodness!—Well, if that isn't the quare—the rale handsome present for ye to go think on, Corney, darlint," faltered Molly.

"Come on till you try the feel of it," said Corney, who was still smoothing the velvet with a large thumb. A large pink rose was jauntily set at one side, while at the other an emerald-green bird peered into its heart, apparently drinking nectar from its depths, while he waved a long curved tail appreciatively.

"I bought it off the sister of a fellow who said she hadn't any use for it. Seemingly she had the notion it would suit an older body than herself. It laid me out in fifteen shillings—every penny of it, so it did."

Molly came over obediently while Corney tried it on—back to front first, but Molly, though never having owned a bonnet in her life, felt convinced the strings were in the wrong place.

"Try it the other way on, Corney agra."

Corney changed it round, and it rocked dubiously into place.

Molly tied the strings firmly, which the bonnet resented by standing up on its hind legs, as it were.

"Hould on," said Corney. "slack 'em out a bit."

"Molly did so, and the bonnet sat down again heavily. She turned towards the cracked bit of looking-glass, balancing the erection as if she had the tower of Babel and all the speechless men on top of her head.

"Oh, murder alive! Glory be to goodness!" exclaimed Molly, who began to laugh immoderately at the apparition in the looking-glass.

Corney looked hurt, and Molly was immediately concerned.

"Corney, darlint, it's just a lovely bonnet, but sure the neighbors would be laffin' at me something cruel if I was to wear the like o' that on top of me head goin' to mass!"

"Miss Harrigan is after telling me it's what they're all wearin' in Cork. But don't put yourself about to plaze me," said Corney, his feelings bitterly wounded by Molly's laughter at his gift, which had indeed taxed his limited means sorely. He got up and went out, leaving Molly with a face nearly as long as the green bird's tail.

"Wisha, but I'm a most meesurable ould gander to go hurt the poor boy the like o' that!" said Molly remorsefully to herself.

She stood listening, till his footsteps died away down the road. She heard others, however, coming from the opposite direction, and hurriedly pulled off the bonnet as Mary Murphy stepped in at the door.

"Come away in wid yourself, Mrs. Murphy, ma'am. There's a drop of tea in it, plaze goodness, and it's rale tired out you are and no mistake."

Poor Mary sat down heavily, for she had tramped four miles in the wet and was indeed tired and hungry. Molly chattered about many things, anxious to let Mary "get her breath with the sup of hot tay," as she put it.

"Would you think now it would be apt to be raining, to-morrow, Mary?" asked Molly at last, tentatively.

"Well no, then, it has the appearance of lifting up to-night," answered Mary.

There was a pause.

"I'm thinking, Mrs. Murphy, ma'am, you'd be apt to have a good knowledge of bonnets," asked Molly at last.

"Bonnets?" questioned Mary in great surprise. Bonnets weren't fashionable in Cloonagh, and Molly was very particular.

Molly slowly uncovered Corney's gift to Mrs. Murphy's wondering gaze, and expounded to her sympathetic ears the result of the presentation on her own feelings, also on Corney's.

"Glory be to goodness, Mary, agra, but wouldn't I look the quare old pustoge wid the like o' that on top o' me head and I goin' to mass come morning?"

Molly got under the hat again.

Now Mary Murphy's kind heart was overflowing with gratitude to old Molly, for she well knew all that Molly sacrificed in the way of small comforts to help her and her children. It was a delicate position, but Mary felt if Molly could only be convinced that she looked well in the bonnet she would wear it proudly and happily, and Corney thereby be also pleased. She felt pretty certain, too, that Molly's popularity with the neighbors would carry her through the ordeal safely, if once she got word to them not to be "carrying on that they saw anythin' out o' the common."

So well indeed did Mary do her work of admiration that Molly began to have fears on the other side.

"You wouldn't think now that it had the air o' belonging to quality," she asked at last when Mrs. Murphy had fixed it firmly on her head and was walking round to get the sit of it.

"Ah, not at all! It's the pattern of a bonnet for a respectable woman like

yourself, and it would be a cruel sin you not to wear it to-morrow for Corney's sake, let alone your own. Put it by now, and don't be botherin' your head on the subject. Sure, isn't it well for you to have a son like Corney to be mindin' your appearance the like o' that."

Mary Murphy's opinion thus thrown into the scale with Corney's turned the balance in favor of the bonnet.

On the way home Mary was smitten with slight misgivings.

"There's ne'er a soul about Cloonagh would give her a crooked look, and I'll pass the word to them straight, so I will. Maybe to goodness the day'll be wet, and that would caution her to keep the bonnet at home and wear her cap and shawl same as always."

But the morning perversely dawned sunny and bright. Any further doubts in the widow O'Toole's mind were swept away by Corney's loudly expressed admiration of his parent.

They started for chapel, Corney sitting on the shaft and his mother in state on the seat of the ass cart, talking and laughing happily.

"Mind you now, a bonnet's the rale could article on top of a body's head," said Molly to herself, when she found how the wind crept round her neck and in at her ears.

Presently they passed Polly Cassidy tramping along.

"What way is your mother, Polly?" shouted the widow O'Toole.

Polly turned, but her jaw dropped suddenly at the sight of the widow's bonnet. "Glory be to goodness! Well, thin—I declare to heavens I'm not the better of the start you're after giving me yet!" said Polly in bewilderment, gazing at the bonnet.

"And what's startin' you?"

The little old woman sat up very straight suddenly.

"Ah, thin, nothing at all, only your-

self speaking so suddint like," answered Polly with an offhand air, adding to herself:

"The craythur! to go make such a figure of herself." She turned aside quickly, and wrapped her shawl closer round her face, but not before Molly had caught sight of a smile.

All the sunshine went out of the morning for the widow O'Toole. What matter if Corney was sitting beside her, if the two of them was like a circus show. All her conviction of last night swept over her again like a flood. The tower of Babel again seemed to be on top of her head, and she herself the largest object in the landscape. If she was sitting down in the cart, the bonnet might not attract so much attention.

"Will I sit along o' you in the hay, Corney?" she asked suddenly at last, as they came near some other neighbors.

"Arrah, what ails you! Can't ye stay up there dacint and respectable. 'Tisn't every day ye have a boy to go drive th' ould ass for you," said Corney cheerfully but firmly.

If Molly had felt "dacint and respectable" she would have been pleased enough, but Corney drove on quite oblivious of the tragedy going on behind him.

Biddy Gallaher and her husband turned to answer Corney's greeting, and Mrs. Gallaher exclaimed:

"Saints above, Mrs. O'Toole, ma'am, but that's the rale illegant conthrivance ye have above there!" and her elbow nudged Timothy.

But Molly, with a distant air, remarked it "was gran' weather for the pitaties, thank God, and Corney might be expectin' to get mass in time for our own funeral the rate he was moving the ass along."

The unwonted wind past her ears was giving old Molly bad neuralgia, but not for worlds now would she

have admitted anything against her headgear. She sat bolt upright and passed Mary Murphy with a jaunty nod of her head. Mary started violently when she saw her friend, and Molly unfortunately saw it and swallowed something hard and unwieldy in her throat.

"Sure it was dark, and the craythur couldn't see what way I looked," she said to herself. "What will I do at all, at all, if Corney finds out what way they're thinking o' me. It's ashamed the poor boy would be o' his ould mother entirely."

But Mary had started because she had forgotten to pass the word to her neighbors, and bitter remorse overwhelmed her as the tails of the green bird jolted out of sight.

For the rest of the way Molly refused to look at any neighbor, but kept her eyes fixed on the donkey's ears, and talked loudly to Corney of weather prospects.

She got down at the chapel gate, and walked up the path with the air of a duchess, with her hand on Corney's arm; but though she talked defiantly all the time, not one of the titters and nudges escaped her.

"St. Bridget save us, did ye ever see the like o' such a disthressful bit of ould vanity," exclaimed Matty Doolan contemptuously in a loud aside as they went in at the door.

Old Molly found her place with difficulty, Corney giving a "Hel'-up" as she stumbled blindly against a chair.

She tried to say her beads, but with indifferent success. At last she found herself saying over and over again, "Blessed Brigid, don't be mindin' me at all, only Corney, the way the lad won't get disappointed like and ashamed o' his ould mother that rared him!"

But at the back of her heart Molly had a conviction that St. Brigid would never have gone to mass in a bonnet

like Corney's, and maybe she wasn't best pleased with her suppliant.

Coming out, Matty Doolan asked facetiously was she wanting to sell the fowl on her head.

"I will, then, Mrs. Doolan, or mebbe I'll give you the loan of it next time in place o' the bit of food for the childher," at which Mrs. Doolan retired abashed. At this moment Mary Murphy shoved through the crowd, and asked if Mrs. O'Toole would oblige her with a lift home.

Molly responded with inward gratitude. They jogged along for a mile and a half before Mary ventured a remark about the bonnet.

"It looked rale and smart, Mrs. O'Toole, ma'am," she said presently, watching her friend out of the corner of her eye.

Molly, who had for a few happy moments almost forgotten her headpiece in the charm of Mary's conversation, sat up straight again. Sympathy was impossible to bear.

"I'm glad ye had that opinion, Mary," she faltered at last. Mary watched with dismay two large tears roll down her cheeks as she turned her head resolutely away.

Corney was whistling blithely as he drove. "Herself is going in with me to the fair to-morrow. I'll be bound she'd want to show herself off agin, Mrs. Murphy, ma'am. Women's awful vain craythurs, anyways! 'Twould do your sowl good to see the walk o' herself into chapel wid her new bonnet this mornin'," said Corney with a pleased chuckle at her woman's weakness.

"I'm afeard, Corney, that bonnet is ather givin' your mother her death o' could. The water's pouring out of her eyes and nose enough to float a ship to Americky this minute," said Mrs. Murphy with solemn emphasis.

"Divil and all, I believe you're right, Mrs. Murphy, ma'am!" exclaimed

Corney, much perturbed at the sight of his mother's face. "Goodness help me, it's quare draughty sort o' contrivance whatever for an old woman!"

"'Tis so, Corney agra," said Mrs. Murphy eagerly. "A shawl's more contagious like to a body's head."

"But it's the rale lovely bonnet. A body might be proud to wear the like," began the widow O'Toole.

"It's my belief, Cornelius O'Toole, unless you'll take it be main force from herself it's buryin' her you may be this day week. The vanity of her is past believin'!"

Mary Murphy played a bold game in the delicatest position she ever had

The Irish Review.

the bad luck to find herself in, as she put it privately afterwards. But she won.

Next day Corney wrapped up the bonnet in many papers and took it in to Cloonagh, where he disposed of it to a travelling Jew man. He laid out the proceeds in the purchase of two of the handsomest head-shawls that Cloonagh afforded.

Next Sunday there wasn't a blither pair of women than the widow O'Toole and Mrs. Murphy when they drove to mass in the new shawls.

And Cornelius O'Toole still felt as proud of his womenfolk as any right-minded boy ought to do.

St. John Whitty.

THE PASSING OF CHILDREN'S GAMES.

Now that it has been found necessary to organize Societies of grown-up folk, who will in turn organize the games of children, it may be asked whether some great evil is not threatening the commonwealth.

Plato has told us that one of the surest forebodings of a nation's death is any great change in the songs the people sing. He would have been a better prophet of his own people, and Greece, that had begotten a thousand philosophers, might have welcomed one Saviour had he known that an even surer sign of a nation's death is any great change in the games the children play. When "the glory that was Greece" came to the crossways of life and death, the children in the streets of Corinth and Athens were worthy of Plato's eagle eye—had he been philosopher enough to have taken the children not as a toy but as an omen.

In the thirteenth century children left their ride-a-cock horses and dolls to play at Crusades. Within a century the world saw Notre Dame of Paris,

Salisbury Minster, Simon de Montfort, Aquinas and Dante—all of them crusades or crusaders for the defence of some enkindling or waning idea.

It will not be denied, at least by any lovers of sport, that children's games have sickened—it may be to the point of death. Perhaps some of my readers may not understand what I mean by saying that games have ceased to be creative and even initiative. We have largely confused games, which children must recreate as they play, with toys, which children merely use to enjoy. The great national games are a dispiriting study in the same ailment. They are now mostly composed of a few skilled players who are paid to play, and tens of thousands of onlookers who pay to be amused. Yet to be amused is passive; not active or creative in form and function. But to "play" bears an active meaning or reminiscence; and reminds us that children who need to be amused, whilst there is grass in the fields and sand by the shore, are the anæmic offspring of

a people on the threshold of death.

It is money making and professionalism that have been the death of children's games. Nowadays as there is a business side to everything, not excepting the Gospel, so there is an opportunity of making money out of the games our children play. I can even imagine that somewhere in the background there is that supreme creation of Mammon, a "Toy Trust." If there is, then its immediate aim is not to amuse children but to amass wealth; and its final end will be to destroy children, who, in spite of economics à la Herod, are the nations' wealth in bullion.

The toys of children, like the clothes of their elders, are at present the prey of fashion. I wish it were more evident that the changes of fashion are nowadays beyond the control of what our grandparents called a "leader of fashion." If there are persons who claim this survival of decayed nobility they are "leaders" who no longer lead, but follow. The real leaders are the tradesfolk, the manufacturers or general dealers, who insist that the next season's fashion in hats or gowns or playthings shall be what they think best, that is, best, not for the buyers, but for the trade. In something less than a generation we have witnessed almost the complete decay of the old games which demanded the fewest toys, and the most creative childlike imagination.

My own memories of boyhood are rich in fine games needing not a single apparatus. I still grow enthusiastic over a game we played almost every day during winter. It was nobly called "Wild Boar." Even now I feel my mid-life blood grow suddenly warm as I recall X—, the swift graceful runner, who could slip through forty or fifty boys all struggling to catch him with an honest boyish grip. Yet this manly game needed no bats, no balls,

no goal posts, no wickets, no nets. Our only apparatus was daylight, a stretch of open ground, and a pack of boys who could run!

"Follow-my-leader!" Has any toy purveyor ever made a toy worthy to take even a dog's part in this splendid creation of childhood? The very sound and shape of the words belongs to the poetry of life—yea, to the very life of poetry. Even as a metaphor "Follow-my-leader" ennobles almost every topic that can employ it. But who ever made a noble metaphor of a toy train or a teddy bear or a gollywog?

Another fine game I played, with my elders, when quite a child, in the open spaces of Belfast when I was a firebrand of some five or six years, and I have never heard of it being played since. It, too, was nobly named "Fire-on-the-Mountains," and was a game for the evenings and the darkness. I remember that it called into prominence the sturdy daring boys whom with rare instinct the rest of us were ever proud to follow. It was played fitly at the foot of the sombre heather-crowned mountains that wall Belfast Lough from the winds of the north. "Fire-on-the-Mountains" had been probably played on the shores of the splendid Lough from the days long before history, when the coast of Ireland was kept by an unbroken line of "forths," whence beacons flashed the news of an enemy's approach. That the pirate island never yielded to Roman or Norseman invasion was, I sometimes think, due to the children's game, "Fire-on-the-Mountains," which even now stirs within the breast of mid-life the fierce fellowship of a boy.

There are a thousand reasons for this unnerving decay of children's games. After the spread of money-making and profession, perhaps the chief reason is the decay of children. When a home holds but one or two

children at the most, toys, playthings and organized games become a domestic necessity. The child-boy or child-girl lacks that best of playthings, namely, two or three brothers or sisters. The noble art of childplay is entrusted to a paid nurse, whose apparatus is the bought toy and plaything. The child is amused, as precious pet dogs are taken out on a lead to be exercised. The tragedy of decaying childplay may be written in six acts.

Act I.—Horatio Dives, the only begotten son of John Dives (né Murphy) and Marian Dives (née Tomkins) has no elder or younger brothers to play with or fight with.

Act II.—A nursery is set up in the abode of Horatio Dives, where, under pretext of "bringing him up," the said Horatio is imprisoned for the term of his natural boyhood. Several Jailers (alias head-nurse and under-nurse and nurse-maids) are paid to see that Horatio

The New Witness.

does not live like an ordinary boy with five or six ordinary brothers and sisters.

Act III.—The head-jailer (alias head-nurse) to pacify Horatio in his struggles for his birthright of boyhood and freedom, discovers the efficacy of teddy bears, gollywogs, and that kind of thing.

Act IV.—Israel Makepenny, the sweater and multiple storekeeper, discovers money in teddy bears, gollywogs, and that kind of thing. He thereupon develops the "toy-line" of business. The motor cars outside his Piccadilly and Fifth Avenue stores congest the traffic.

Act V.—All the lesser people, to whom the moneyed classes are the Communion of Saints, buy toys for rapidly decreasing families.

Act VI.—! ! ! Curtain.

Dead March in Herod.

Vincent McNab.

THE ROBIN REDBREAST.

Of all the old proverbs that are open to argument few offer more material for criticism than that which has it that a good name is more easily lost than won; and if ever a living creature served to illustrate the converse to the proverbial dog with a bad name, that creature is that companionable little bird, the robin. Traditionally the robin is a gentle little fellow of pious associations and with a tender fancy for covering the unburied dead with leaves; but in real life he is a little fire-eater, always ready to pick a quarrel with his less pugnacious neighbors. Yet so persistently does his good name cling that, while ever ready to condemn the aggressive sparrow for the same fault, all of us have a good word for the robin, and it is rarely that the character and reputation of a bird are so divergent.

Surely however the most interesting aspect of this familiar bird is its tameness, not to say attachment to ourselves; and so marked indeed is its complete absence of fear that it is a wild bird in name only, and few cage-birds are ever so bold as to perch on the gardener's spade on the lookout for the worms as he turns them up from the damp soil. The robin might in fact furnish the text of a lay sermon on the fruits of kindness to animals; and those dialectical people who ask whether we are kind to the robin because it trusts us or whether, on the other hand, it trusts us because we are kind to it, ask a foolish question that raises a wholly unnecessary confusion between cause and effect. It is a question that those at any rate who have seen the bird in countries where it is treated differently will

have no difficulty whatever in answering. Broadly speaking, the redbreast has the best time of it in northern lands. This tolerance has not, as has been suggested, any connection with Protestantism, for such a distinction would exclude the greater part of Ireland, where, as it happens, the bird is as safe from persecution as in Britain, since the superstitious peasants firmly believe that anyone killing a "spiddog" will be punished by a lump growing on the palm of his hand. The untoward fate of the robin in Latin countries bordering the Mediterranean has nothing to do with religion, but is merely the result of a pernicious habit of killing all manner of small birds for the table. The sight of rows of dead robins laid out on poulterers' stalls in the markets of Italy and southern France inspires such righteous indignation in British tourists as to make them forget for the moment that larks are exposed in the same way in Bond Street and at Leadenhall. In Italy and Provence, taught by sad experience, the robin is as shy as any other small bird. It has learnt its lesson, like the robins in the north, but the lesson is different. The most friendly robin I ever remember meeting with out of England was in a garden attached to a café in Trebizond, where, hopping round my chair and picking up crumbs, it made me feel curiously at home. Similar treatment of other wild birds would in time produce the same result, and even the suspicious starling and stand-off rook might be taught to forget their fear of us. The robin, feeding less on fruit and grain than on worms and insects, has not made an enemy of the farmer or gardener. The common, too common, sparrow is another fearless neighbor; but its freedom from persecution, of late somewhat threatened by sparrow clubs, is due less to affection than to the futility of making an impression

on such hordes as infest our streets.

No act of the robin's more forcibly illustrates its trust in man than the manner in which, at a season when all animals are abnormally shy and suspicious, it makes its nest not only near our dwellings, but actually in many cases under the same roof as ourselves. Letterboxes, flowerpots, old boots, and bookshelves have all done duty; and I even remember a pair of robins, many years ago in Kent, bringing up two broods in an old rat-trap which, fortunately too rusty to act, was still set and baited with a withered piece of bacon. Pages might be filled with the mere enumeration of curious and eccentric nesting-sites chosen by this fearless bird, but a single proof of its indifference to the presence of man during the time of incubation may be cited from the MS. notebooks of the second Earl of Malmesbury, which I have read in the library at Heron Court. It seems that, while the east wing of that pleasant mansion was being built, a pair of robins, having successfully brought up one family in one of the unfinished rooms, actually reared a second brood in a hole made for a scaffold-pole, though the sitting bird, being immediately beneath a plank on which the plasterers stood at work, was repeatedly splashed with mortar!

The egg of the robin is subject to considerable variety of type. I think it was the late Lord Lilford, who, speaking on the subject of a Bill for the protection of wild birds' eggs, then before the House of Lords, gave it as his belief that no ornithologist of repute would swear to the name of a single British bird's egg without positively seeing one or other of the parent birds fly off the nest. This was perhaps a little overstating the difficulty of evidence, since any school-boy with a fancy for bird-nesting might without hesitation identify such

pronounced types as those of the chaffinch, with its purple blotches, the songthrush with its black spots on a blue ground, or the nightingale, which resembles a miniature olive. Eggs, on the other hand, like those of the house-sparrow, redshank, and some of the smaller warblers, are so easily confused with those of allied species that Lord Lilford's caution is by no means superfluous. Ordinarily speaking, the robin's egg is white, with red spots at one end, but I remember taking at Bexley, nearly thirty years ago, one of coffee-color and immaculate. As the robin is a favorite foster-parent with cuckoos, my first thought was that this might be an unusually small egg of the parasitic bird, which was very plentiful thereabouts. It so happened however that, three days after I had abstracted the first and only egg I took from that nest, there was a second of the same type; and, much as I would have liked this also for my collection, I left it in the nest so as to set all doubts at rest. My moderation was rewarded, for no one else found the nest, and in due course the coffee-colored egg produced a robin like the rest.

The robin is anything but a gregarious bird. Its fighting temper doubtless leads it to keep its own company, and we rarely see more than one singing on the same bush or seeking for food on the same lawn. Yet, though it is with us all the year, it is known to perform migrations within these islands, and possible also oversea, chiefly connected with commissariat difficulties, and it is probable that on such occasions many robins may travel in company, though I have not been so fortunate as to come across such a pilgrimage. What is almost as interesting however is the habit which robins have in Devonshire of occasionally going down to the rocks on the seashore, as I have often noticed in

the neighborhood of Torquay and Teignmouth. What manner of food they may find in such surroundings I cannot say, but there they certainly spend some of their time, bobbing at the edge of the rock pools in much the same way as dippers on inland waters.

Young robins are turned adrift at an early age to look after themselves. This is the consequence of the parent birds always rearing two families, and in many cases even three, during the year; and another result of this prolific habit is that the robin has to make its nest earlier than most of our wild birds. Its nest has in fact been found near Torquay during the first week of January.

It has long been the fancy of Englishmen exiled to new homes under the pines or palms, in the biting northern blast or searching tropical sun, to misname all manner of conspicuous birds after well-remembered kinds left behind in the woods and fields of the old country. As might be expected of a bird so familiar in homely landscape, and so closely associated with a festival peculiarly poignant to homesick emigrants, the robin has its share of these namesakes. Several of them, it must be confessed, bear little likeness to the original. In New South Wales I remember being shown a "robin" that, though a little smaller, was not unlike our bird; but in America, on the other hand, the "robin" that was pointed out to me from Maine to Carolina was as big as a thrush, though the color of its breast entitled it to at any rate the alternative name. Owing to its red breast, particularly conspicuous against a background of snow, this popular little bird is always recognizable, the male as well as the female. Indeed, to all outward appearance the sexes are absolutely alike—a striking contrast to the cock and hen pheasant, the first bird dealt with in these notes, as this is the last.

F. G. Afalo.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

(A STORY OF THE STONE AGE)

Of all the young bachelors in his tribe not one was more highly esteemed than Ug, the son of Zug. He was one of the nicest young prehistoric men that ever sprang seven feet into the air to avoid the impulsive bite of a sabre-tooth tiger, or cheered the hearts of grave elders searching for inter-tribal talent by his lightning sprints in front of excitable mammoths. Everybody liked Ug, and it was a matter of surprise to his friends that he had never married.

One bright day, however, they were interested to observe that he had begun to exhibit all the symptoms. He brooded apart. Twice in succession he refused a second help of pterodactyl at the tribal luncheon table. And there were those who claimed to have come upon him laboriously writing poetry on the walls of distant caves.

It should be understood that in those days only the most powerful motive, such as a whole-hearted love, could drive a man to writing poetry; for it was not the ridiculously simple task which it is to-day. The alphabet had not yet been invented, and the only method by which a young man could express himself was by carving or writing on stone a series of pictures, each of which conveyed the sense of some word or phrase. Thus, where the modern bard takes but a few seconds to write, "You made me love you. I didn't want to do it, I didn't want to do it," Ug, the son of Zug, had to sit up night after night till he had carved three trees, a plesiosaurus, four kinds of fish, a star-shaped rock, eleven different varieties of flowering shrub, and a more or less lifelike representation of a mammoth surprised while bathing. It is little wonder that the youth of the period, ever impetuous, looked askance at this method of revealing their passion, and preferred

to give proof of their sincerity and fervor by waiting for the lady of their affections behind a rock and stunning her with a club.

But the refined and sensitive nature of Ug, the son of Zug, shrank from this brusque form of wooing. He was shy with women. To him there was something a little coarse, almost ungentelemanly, in the orthodox form of proposal; and he had made up his mind that, if ever he should happen to fall in love, he would propose by ideograph.

It was shortly after he had come to this decision that, at a boy-and-girl dance given by a popular local hostess, he met the divinest creature he had ever seen. Her name was Wug, the daughter of Glug; and from the moment of their introduction he realized that she was the one girl in the world for him. It only remained to compose the ideograph.

Having steadied himself as far as possible by carving a few poems, as described above, he addressed himself to the really important task of the proposal.

It was extraordinarily difficult, for Ug had not had a very good education. All he knew he had picked up in the give and take of tribal life. For this reason he felt it would be better to keep the thing short. But it was hard to condense all he felt into a brief note. For a long time he thought in vain, then one night, as he tossed sleeplessly on his bed of rocks, he came to a decision. He would just ideograph, "Dear Wug, I love you. Yours faithfully, Ug. P.S. R.S.V.P.," and leave it at that. So in the morning he got to work, and by the end of the week the ideograph was completed. It consisted of a rising sun, two cave-bears, a walrus, seventeen shin-bones of the lesser rib-nosed

baboon, a brontosaurus, three sand-eels, and a pterodactyl devouring a mangold-wurzel. It was an uncommonly neat piece of work, he considered, for one who had never attended an art school. He was pleased with it. It would, he flattered himself, be a queer sort of girl who could stand out against that. For the first time for weeks he slept soundly and peacefully.

Next day his valet brought him with his morning beverage a piece of flat rock. On it was carved a simple human thigh-bone. He uttered a loud cry. She had rejected him. The parcel-post, an hour later, brought him his own ideograph, returned without a word.

Ug's greatest friend in the tribe was Jug, son of Mug, a youth of extraordinary tact and intelligence. To him Ug took his trouble.

Jug heard his story, and asked to see exactly what he had ideographed.

"You must have expressed yourself badly," he said.

"On the contrary," replied Ug, with some pique, "my proposal was brief, but it was a model of what that sort of proposal should be.

Punch.

Here it is. Read it for yourself."

Jug read it. Then he looked at his friend, concerned.

"But, my dear old man, what on earth did you mean by saying she has red hair and that you hate the sight of her?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, this ichthyosaurus."

"That's not an ichthyosaurus. It's a brontosaurus."

"It's not a bit like a brontosaurus. And it is rather like an ichthyosaurus. Where you went wrong was in not taking a few simple lessons in this sort of thing first."

"If you ask me," said Ug disgustedly, "this picture-writing is silly rot. To-morrow I start an Alphabet."

* * * * *

But on the morrow he was otherwise employed. He was standing, concealed behind a rock, at the mouth of the cave of Wug, daughter of Glug. There was a dreamy look in his eyes, and his fingers were clasped like steel bands round the handle of one of the most business-like clubs the Stone Age had ever seen. Orthodoxy had found another disciple.

IRELAND AND ULSTER.

"It will be seen," writes Macaulay—most stalwart of Protestants and uncompromising of Whigs—in the prelude to his famous history, "how, in two important dependencies of the Crown, wrong was followed by just retribution; how imprudence and obstinacy broke the ties which bound the North American colonies to the parent State; how Ireland, cursed by the domination of race over race, and of religion over religion, remained, indeed, a member of the Empire, but a withered and distorted member, adding no strength to the body politic, and reproachfully pointed at by all

who feared or envied the greatness of England." Even now there seems to be little in common between Orangemen and Hibernians, or between Irish Catholics and Irish Protestants—no more it might be supposed, if we judged by some newspapers and some orators, than there was between Oliver Cromwell and the defenders of Drogheda, or between the rival armies at the Boyne. That fortunately, is an utter mistake. In 1649, when Cromwell came to Ireland, there was hardly a country in Europe where it was safe to dissent from the established religion. Even in 1680 there was little

to choose between the toleration of William and the toleration of James. It has taken two whole centuries to emancipate Catholics from public persecution in Protestant countries and Protestants from persecution in Catholic countries. That suspicions still exist in a country like Ireland, who can wonder? But even in Ulster the relations between Protestants and Catholics have improved greatly in the past generation. The history of the Protestant ascendancy in Ireland may be remembered by five dates:—

1. Oliver Cromwell conquered Ireland 1650.
2. William of Orange conquered Ireland 1690.
3. The Irish Parliament was put an end to by the Act of Union 1800, and the Dublin Castle system was transferred from Irish to English control.
4. Catholic emancipation was carried in 1829.
5. The English Church in Ireland was disestablished in 1869, and two years later religious tests were abolished in all the Universities of the United Kingdom.

It is, of course, perfectly true that fervent Catholics and fervent Protestants all over the world (and their fervor on this point is usually in inverse proportion to their mental equipment) still regard one another's future in the next world with dismay. And if the Catholic has less hope for the future of Protestants, some Protestants make up for it—especially in Ireland—by a sort of political and commercial contempt, which accounts for a good deal of bitterness. But when liberal allowance has been made for the causes of antagonism which remain, it is impossible to compare the Ireland of to-day with the Ireland of 1689 or 1798 or 1849, or even with the Ireland of 1885. We are as far from Gladstone's Ireland of agrarian out-

rage as Parnell was from O'Connell, or O'Connell's repeal agitation from Vinegar Hill, or Vinegar Hill from the Battle of the Boyne. Ireland is an agricultural country in the main, and her agricultural grievances have been removed. The land is being transferred to the farmer, and the Irish agricultural laborer is often better housed than his fellow in Great Britain. A democratic franchise, associated with a representative system of local government, has provided a safety-valve for local and personal discontents. The politics of religion are crossed by the politics of agriculture in the rural districts and by the politics of industrialism in the towns. The struggle for farms and cottages and better housing and higher wages knows no religious distinction. Landlords and capitalists and employers of labor act on the whole as they do in England and Scotland. The antagonisms of religion, politics and business are all very powerful; but they balance one another, and while the substantial grievances of the rival sects have diminished to nothing, economic rivalries and antagonisms and ambitions have become more pronounced with the growth of prosperity. The elevation of the masses from abject poverty has given them hope and a consciousness of strength. There is an idealism in all the "isms"—in Carsonism and Larkinism, in Dillonism and Devlinism, in O'Brienism and Plunkettism. But one must not suppose that any of them are going to end in a hideous massacre. Unless the authorities make some incredible blunder, neither the farmers, nor the laborers, nor the artisans are going to shoot one another down. This does not mean that no effort should be made to secure a settlement by consent. The Protestants of Ulster are worth propitiating. It is not likely that they will attack the King's troops

even when the Home Rule Bill comes into operation. But by passive resistance they could probably make the law almost unworkable. They are a fierce, stubborn, indomitable lot; but they are led by intelligent men of business and education, who do not really think that bludgeons and bullets can be deciding factors in the politics of the United Kingdom.

The truth is that Ireland has always been a land of factions, and its festivals often end in riots. But even including the bloodshed which occurs on these occasions, life and property have been for years as secure in Ireland as in England and Scotland. The Irishman is just as brave and rather more quarrelsome than the Englishman and the Scot. But it is in strength and range of vocabulary that he particularly excels us. In this respect many ancient feuds are as green as ever, and on the smallest provocation we are assured by Irish journalists that the fields of Ulster will be drenched with Catholic or Protestant blood. Two years ago the only way to avoid

The Economist.

a massacre of Saint Bartholomew was to turn out the Government. As the Government still holds on, a new prescription has been suggested—the exclusion of Ulster. This solution is supposed to have pleased the gods; at least, Mr. Churchill, Mr. F. E. Smith, and Lord Northcliffe are believed to be ready to adopt it, and to form a “national” Government on this basis. But what does exclusion mean? The Protestants of Ulster wish to remain exactly as they are—i.e., under Dublin Castle. But Dublin Castle will then be under a Dublin Parliament, elected, as the Bill stands, by all Ireland. If a settlement is to be reached by consent a workable meaning must be imported into the word exclusion, and one which can be accepted alike by the Protestant majority of Ulster and by the Catholic majority of Ireland. If Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson cannot agree with Mr. Asquith and Mr. Redmond, it is possible that a businesslike conference in Belfast or Dublin might advance matters a good deal.

SENSATIONALISM IN PROFIT-SHARING.

The announcement of the sensational profit-sharing scheme which the Ford Motor Company of Ohio has recently established opens up a number of interesting economic questions. Mr. Ford, the head of the firm, estimates that in the current year his company will make a profit of about £2,000,000, and he proposes to distribute this profit among the employees of the company, with the result that their wages will be increased in most cases fifty per cent, and in many cases nearly a hundred per cent. The payments are to be spread over the year in fortnightly sums, and it is estimated that the sum payable to a

mechanic now receiving £1 a day will bring his daily wages to approximately 31s., while an ordinary laborer who has hitherto been earning 10s. 6d. per day will have his earnings increased to £1.

The effect of this announcement upon the wage-earners employed by other firms and in other cities may be readily imagined. A crowd of ten thousand persons quickly gathered around the Ford works, and remained there two or three days clamoring for employment. On the third day a portion of the crowd, wearied of the long wait with the thermometer only a few degrees above zero, broke

into the works, doing considerable, though perhaps not intentional, damage.

Such a spectacle alone casts doubt upon the wisdom of Mr. Ford's scheme. When the scheme is examined more in detail that doubt grows greater. Mr. Ford is an enthusiast whose good intentions no one is likely for a moment to question. But, like many other enthusiasts, he apparently allows himself to be guided rather by his heart than by his head. He wishes to improve not only the pecuniary position, but also the moral character, of his employees. With this end in view, it is part of his scheme to establish a "sociological department" in the works. The object of this department is officially defined as follows: To keep an eye on the men, and "to eliminate as beneficiaries under the plan any who are found using the extra amount in such a way as is considered improper for right-living." The treasurer of the Ford Company, Mr. George Cozzens, has further elaborated the duties of the sociological department. It will be the business of the department to investigate the case of every employee whose foreman has reported him as falling off in good habits. He added that the private life of such employees would be rigidly scrutinized, and they would be dealt with "in a constructive manner." It remains to be seen whether under the banner of the Great American Republic people will acquiesce in this inquisition into their private lives for the sake of a fifty per cent increase in their salaries. For the credit of England we hope that very few would be found here, and that on this ground alone the Ford Company will not trouble to extend their scheme to their employees in this country. It may be perhaps objected that the sociological department is not a necessary feature of Mr. Ford's scheme. Our answer is

that, from Mr. Ford's point of view, the two evidently hang together. His wish is to reform the world, and he sees quite clearly that a mere distribution of profits among a particular group of employees would do little to reform the world unless their private characters were simultaneously reformed.

Our criticism, however, goes deeper than this. In effect, Mr. Ford is creating a privileged body of employees, and since the world began privilege has had to be paid for in one way or another, and will have to be as long as the world lasts. If the employees of this company accept a gratuitous favor as a gift from their employer, he obtains a power of control over them which he did not possess before. The particular way in which that control is exercised is, of course, important, but in some way or another it will be exercised, for otherwise it would be impossible for him to preserve for his employees the privilege which he now gives them. The position is analogous to the evil of letting cottages at an uneconomic rent, which has figured so much lately in political oratory. If a workman accepts a cottage at a rent well below the market value, he simultaneously accepts a position of dependence on the person who lets the cottage to him. The same consideration applies to all the many favors that have been forced upon the poorer classes by our later-day Socialistic legislation. The poor man's house has ceased to be his castle because he is no longer self-dependent. His children receive education free of charge to him; they receive medical attendance for which he does not pay; and sometimes also they receive free meals. As a result of the acceptance of these favors the poorer classes find their homes overrun by inspectors of every kind, inquiring into their economic position, into the sanitation

of their houses, and virtually asserting the right to know how they spend their money. It is impossible in the long run for people to secure personal liberty except on the basis of economic exchange—that is to say, an exchange which is recognized by both sides as a fair market bargain.

This is the fundamental objection, and to our mind by itself a sufficient objection, to such sensational schemes as that which Mr. Ford has launched. But there are other and equally serious objections. According to the New York correspondent of the *Times*, Mr. Andrew Carnegie has welcomed the Ford scheme "as foretelling the coming of the day when the distribution of wealth will be far more equal than it has ever been." In our opinion, Mr. Ford's scheme brings this day not a minute nearer. All that he will effect by his scheme is to give to a quite limited number of employees a peculiarly favored position. The scheme does not create greater equality; it creates a new inequality. It is stated that the men who sweep the floors of the workshops will be receiving in future £1 a day. Even according to the American standard that is an absurdly high wage to pay for such unskilled work, and there can be little doubt that the inequality thus created between the sweepers employed by the Ford Company and sweepers employed elsewhere will be much more bitterly resented than if Mr. Ford had kept the whole of the money for himself. It is a great mistake to assume that the poor are only jealous of the excessively rich; they are much more jealous of persons a little better off than themselves.

What, then, it may be asked, ought Mr. Ford to do if he feels that he is not morally entitled to spend upon himself the huge income he commands? Let us first of all ask to whom that income belongs. Primarily,

without doubt, it belongs to Mr. Ford himself, not solely because the law gives it to him, but because it is his ingenuity and foresight which have created the business out of which the income springs. By inventing a particular sort of car, by standardizing his machinery, and by skilfully advertising his product he has built up with his own brain an enormously profitable business. He is much in the same position as a man who has invented some device for giving service to the public and draws a huge royalty from its sale—with this difference, that his profits, unlike those arising from a patent of invention, are not secured to him by law, and may disappear the moment some rival firm has the enterprise to undersell him. The money is therefore fairly his. That he should wish to spend it, not on his own personal satisfaction, but on doing good to his fellow-men, is all to his credit, and our only criticism is directed against the method he proposes to follow. He explicitly declares that, instead of lowering the prices of his cars by £10 when profits would permit such a reduction, he proposes to distribute those profits among his employees. In our judgment, this is a fundamental mistake. If he does not wish to handle the huge profit which his business yields, his right course is to get rid of the profit by lowering the price of his product. It so happens that in this special case such a course would only mean the cheapening of what may fairly be described as a luxury. But that does not affect the principle involved—namely, that in order to secure the general progress of mankind we must proceed by cheapening articles for the benefit of the general consumer rather than by maintaining prices for the benefit of the particular producer. The one course leads to a more equable distribution of wealth throughout the

world; the other course creates little knots of privileged persons enjoying a position which their neighbors cannot attain.

In saying this we do not in the least depreciate the value of profit-sharing as a form of industrial organization. In many cases, and probably in the case of the Ford Company, true profit-sharing is a most salutary improvement on the mere wage nexus; but profit-sharing, if it is to succeed, must be justified on its own economic merits. It is essentially a device for

The Spectator.

inducing workpeople to turn out better work and to consider more fully the interests of their employers than they would do if they were receiving wages merely. Mr. Ford's sensational scheme has nothing except the name to connect it with true profit-sharing. It is not a stimulus to better work. It is a charitable gift by Mr. Ford himself to the persons who happen to be in his employment, and as such it possesses all the disadvantages of schemes of benevolence which have not been carefully thought out.

A NEW BRITISH ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

The science of geography will enlarge its bounds if the expedition to the South Pole, planned by Sir Ernest Shackleton, ends successfully. A start is to be made next October from Buenos Aires, and the plan proposed is to cross the south polar continent from the Weddell Sea, on the Atlantic side, to the Ross Sea, touching at the South Pole *en route*—a distance of some 1700 miles. Altogether the party will number forty-two, twelve being actual explorers, and the remainder the crews of the two ships that are to support the venture, one on each side of the Antarctic continent. Of the explorers, six expect to cover the whole ground from the point of landing on the Weddell Sea to the point of embarkation on the Ross Sea. The other six will be divided into two groups: one, composed of a biologist, a geologist, and a physicist, will probably remain at an experimental station on the Weddell Sea side; the other party of three will be told off to explore the land to the east, which is at present entirely unknown. These two wings of the expedition will eventually be taken back to South America, while the party which will accompany Sir Ernest

across the continent is to be met at the Ross Sea base by the second ship from New Zealand, whither it will take them.

For the outward journey the *Aurora* has been chosen. Both this and the sister vessel will depend for fuel on oil, and not on coal. The advantage of this arrangement of being free from ballast need scarcely be expatiated upon; when the oil is used up, water can be pumped into its place. Both ships will also be fitted with cages and tanks for bringing home live seals and penguins. Moreover, the *Aurora* will have a gyroscopic compass, which will therefore not be affected by magnetism in the ship. The expedition will be fitted with a wireless installation—one of about 500 miles' radius. But more useful still, two sledges driven by aeroplane propellers, with aeroplane engines, and an aeroplane with clipped wings to glide over the ice, are being taken. The team of trained dogs numbers 200. The expedition will be equipped for two years, and is to be known as "The Imperial Antarctic Expedition." The minimum cost is 50,000*l.*, and this amount has been provided by the gen-

erosity of a friend. In order to equip the expedition with full efficiency, however, 60,000*l.* or 70,000*l.* would be required. No public appeal is to be made for subscriptions to make up the additional amount, but contributions for this purpose will be welcomed and will be of service.

The following statement as to scientific work contemplated is made by Sir Ernest Shackleton:—

No one knows whether the great plateau dips gradually from the pole towards the Weddell Sea, and no one knows whether the great Victoria chain of mountains, which has been traced to the pole, extends across the continent and links up with the Andes. The solving of the problem is of intense interest to geographers all over the world, and the discovery of the great mountain range, which we assume is there, will be one of the biggest geographical triumphs of the time.

The geological results will be of the greatest interest to the scientific world. The expedition will at its winter quarters make geological collections, also typical rocks will be taken on the journey if we come across exposed rocks when crossing the mountain ranges. One ship will land parties for the purpose of making geological collections on the west side of the Weddell Sea, and the ship will at the same time trace, if possible, the continuation of Graham Land southwards.

The expedition will take continuous magnetic observations from the Weddell Sea right across the pole, and the route followed will lead towards the

Nature.

magnetic pole and make an ideal method of determining the general dip of the magnetic needle. This magnetic work has a direct bearing on economic conditions, in that an absolutely true knowledge of magnetic conditions is of use to ships in navigable waters. I also propose to set up a magnetic observatory at winter quarters and take continuous magnetic observations throughout the winter. On my last expedition we could only take field magnetic observations, as, owing to lack of money in the first place, I could not afford to provide a large magnetic equipment, though we did important work, as one of the parties reached for the first time the south magnetic pole.

The meteorological conditions would be carefully studied, and would help to elucidate some of the peculiar problems of weather that at present are only dimly recognized as existing. Continuous meteorological observations, both at winter quarters and on the journey across, are of extreme importance, and the results can be correlated with the observations of the last three expeditions in the Antarctic.

Biological work will be thoroughly carried on, and the distribution of fauna and plant life will be studied. Both ships will be equipped for dredging and sounding.

All branches of science will be most carefully attended to, and the net result scientifically ought to be a large increase to human knowledge, but, first and foremost, the crossing of the polar continent will be the main object of the expedition.

THE CULT OF SLIMNESS.

The slim figure is in the ascendant. Even the great of the earth cannot afford altogether to disregard the dictates of the fashion which decrees that all men and all women shall present to the world the outlines of spare severity. The Kaiser and Mr. Taft

have both found it necessary to go in for a process of weight reduction. Mr. Taft seems to have relied on more or less passive methods. The Emperor, with true Hohenzollern thoroughness, has spent a couple of months in felling trees and chopping wood in

the grounds of Sans Souci. The American papers, with their instinct for piquant detail, announced to an awed world that the ex-President had ordered his tailors to take in "reefs" in thirty-five pairs of trousers. He has, by strict attention to business, lost six inches in girth since he laid down official burdens. Clearly the garments of the White House period are of little use in the emaciated condition of Mr. Taft, who is now a mere starveling of eighteen stone or so. It might seem that the more simple course would be to give a fresh order to the tailor, whether on the wholesale or the retail plan. But somehow we would not like to lose that homely touch about taking in the "reefs." It suggests a simplicity not commonly associated with the great plutocratic Republic—a mixture of Pilgrim Father frugality with backwoodsmanlike ingenuity in meeting an emergency. As to the Kaiser's wardrobe—which is generally supposed to be the eighth wonder of the world, a thing of infinite variety and enormous volume—the discreet journalists of Berlin preserve a decent reticence. There is no hint of "reefs" here. Indeed, it would be perilously near *Majestäts-beleidigung* even to suggest the possibility of the War Lord appearing in a reefed or cobbled suit or uniform. On the other hand the critics of the Left might make capital out of the announcement that the thousands of gorgeous garments will be replaced wholesale. Even now they are sufficiently inclined to comment, when they can do so in safety, on the magnificent extravagances of the Emperor.

Still, though we are without information on this interesting subject, it is stated with great decision that His Majesty is at once a smaller and a fitter man than he was early last December. He has, too, added to his other accomplishments a fairly thor-

ough knowledge of the woodsman's craft. He seems to have enjoyed the experience—more, indeed, than some of the courtiers, who were occasionally invited to take a hand, and of course had to obey, with rather artificial protestations of delight. An English equerry would enter into the spirit of the thing; the sincerity of the Prussian official is more open to question. The Kaiser himself seems to have labored manfully. His blows could not have been more hearty had the tree-trunks represented the heads of Potsdam's Socialist deputies. Mr. Gladstone never hewed down an old tree, or despoiled an ancient church, with more zest.

It would be interesting if some student of manners would trace with precision the process whereby what finicking people call "embonpoint" came into general discredit. Fat is now regarded as an indiscretion, and almost as a crime. Only the very strong-minded dare to be fat at all, and there are few indeed who glory in corpulence. Yet within living memory it was no disgrace to depress the scales to the extent of twenty stone or more. Fat was perhaps not regarded as the honored symbol of dignified age: as the crown of a righteous career. But it was indulgently tolerated, and even respected. It typified responsibility, level-headedness, a solid and sober wisdom. The oil-cake school of obesity—flabby and unwholesome—was probably never popular with our ancestors. Nor was the corpulence of the wine-bibber respectable. Falstaff confesses as much when he dreams of Court advancement. "If I do grow great I'll grow less; I'll leave sack and live cleanly as a nobleman should do," is an admission that he was hardly of a figure for the polite society of his day. But good, honest Christian fat, the evidence of a eupeptic disposition, of

abounding vitality, and a fairly quiet conscience, was held in some respect. There were some ages, indeed, when few were in a position to cast a stone at the plump man. The eighteenth century, especially, seemed to run to over-nourishment. Ruminative repletion is the prevailing expression in the portraits of the period; and the majestic swagger of corpulence is visible in the rolling periods of Gibbon, Burke, Johnson, and the rest, not excluding the theologians. Their eloquence seems to be inspired by port after heavy early dinners; their satire suggests the twinges of gout.

The tradition lasted well into the nineteenth century. Dickens nearly always treated the fat man—at least the benevolent fat man—with affectionate respect. His Pickwicks and Cheerybles seem to reflect the conviction that stoutness is not only a natural but a rather laudable condition for the elderly. And when Tony Weller declares that "width and wisdom go together" he was merely condensing into an epigram the very common English idea that native sagacity was to be found in its perfection in alliance with a profile of pronounced convexity. But now the fat man has no defenders. The medical man denounces him. The tailor only makes him a suit under protest. The novelist gives him no quarter. The dramatist will allow him no nice benevolent parts; he is only introduced to look foolish. The Labor cartoonist adopts him as a type of the Capitalist. Even the omnibus conductor makes him the subject of crude jests. Perhaps it is our habit of living in crowded cities that has brought about the unpopularity of the corpulent. A fat man on a Wiltshire down decorates the landscape. He is simply a nuisance as a straphanger in a Tube train.

The Saturday Review.

Thus we have among all classes a determination to preserve the figure at any cost. The quack who has a perfect system to reduce corpulency is never without clients. For modern man, with the best of dietary intentions, finds his habits against him. The average busy man passes his life in alternations of excess. He sticks to his desk, seldom walks, and varies the monotony by occasional excursions into violent physical exertion. The autumn "cure" is a necessary corollary of the season's fever of business or pleasure.

Many of the week-end recreations—motoring, for example—are in no real sense recreative. They cannot be esteemed comparable to the Kaiser's prescription of hard, hearty, perspiring manual work in the open air. Perhaps some day we shall arrive at a full recognition of the curative value of common labor. There is plenty of work, like afforestation and defence against coast erosion, which hardly yields a commercial profit. In an ideally regulated society this would give the sedentary town worker an opportunity of keeping himself physically fit. The trade unions, of course, would object. A "blackleg" is doubly a "blackleg" if he does work for the sheer love of the thing. That is the irksome part of our strict economic classification of men. The financier must always finance; the man who supplies his race with door-knobs must turn out door-knobs until the coffin-maker, who makes nothing but coffins, makes a coffin for him. Of course, all three are entitled to spend their leisure as they like, provided always that they do nothing really useful. That is the tragic side of division of labor. For every decent man has sometimes a longing to do something useful, above and beyond the trade he lives by.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"Your Child To-day and To-morrow" by Sidonie Matzner Gruenberg (J. B. Lippincott Co.) is a handbook of practical suggestions for the care and training of children, which is the fruit in part of personal experience and observation, and in part of wide reading and study. The suggestions are not only well-considered, but are clearly and forcibly presented, and they touch upon all the problems of child training, from babyhood through adolescence. The author is no faddist; her suggestions are wise and sensible, and a general following of them would promote a better understanding and more intimate friendship between parents and children, the making of happier homes and the giving of a better equipment to the next generation. Bishop Vincent contributes an appreciative Foreword and there are a dozen illustrations.

Such a name as Norman Bryan Corkey may well make a boy self-conscious and awkward in childhood, and even ten years after he arrives at what is called the age of responsibility by theologians and casuists. It is at precisely that point that Eden Phillpotts in "From the Angle of Seventeen" falls upon Mr. Corkey and for a year follows his manoeuvres on the planet which Norman B. would elegantly call "this bank and shoal of time" if he happened to remember the phrase before "the great globe itself" came into his mind. At that age he began to illuminate London, "*urbs antiqua*," as his good Latin master might have nominated it, and a wicked trick its "*antiquum zythum*" played upon him when, in an unguarded moment, he took as much as a glassful of it, to strengthen him for his fight with the dragons besetting the path of a clerk

in an insurance office. His elders and superiors on the staff vigorously warn him against yielding to the prosaic fictions of indolence and carelessness, and his Aunt Augusta sees that the sirens there do not beguile him on the Thames Embankment or in St. James's Park. This is a fair imitation of the good little fellow's autobiographical style, but the redeeming touches of honesty, and real modesty are so wisely distributed, and he is so much better at eighteen than his readers will hope to meet him again at twenty-seven. Little, Brown & Co.

Florence Bolton's "Exercises for Women" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) is a wise and practical handbook by a writer whose six years of experience as director of the women's gymnasium at Stanford University entitle her to speak with authority. The earlier chapters are devoted to a consideration of fundamental facts and principles,—a correct posture, deep breathing, bathing, suitable clothing, etc. These lead up to directions for simple and healthful forms of exercise, requiring no apparatus and no instruction, but adapted to every-day home conditions; while an appendix gives practical directions to teachers. Some of the suggestions as to clothing, as might be expected, run counter to current fashions, but where considerations both of health and beauty are involved, there should be independence enough in the modern woman to make her consider these first and the caprices of extreme fashion afterward. The directions given are so simple as to be easily intelligible, and women, younger or older, who follow them will be surprised to discover how many of the ailments and handicaps which they had assumed to be natural and

inevitable are in reality the result of ignorance or neglect. The book is illustrated with one hundred or more cuts and half-tones.

The complete adequacy of Mr. Compton Mackenzie's description of the aspirations and struggles of a boy as given in his "Youth's Encounter" are the strongest of the many impressions which it leaves upon one's mind. Mr. Mackenzie works like a Roman road-maker, smoothing and compacting every inch of his way as he goes, not for the sake of appearance, but purely to fulfil his ideals of honest craftsmanship and art. Probably he would prefer to be read, but his work shows that he could quietly meet the calamity of sending his entire first edition to the trunk-makers, and complacently regard an unopened group of author's "copies" if he contented himself. The mood is less rare than the cynic professes to find it, but rare enough to make "Youth's Encounter" memorable among the novels of 1913. "What youth, Goddess—what guest Of Gods or mortals?" asks the motto of Book One in the words of Matthew Arnold; and the master-key to the conduct and thought of childhood and young manhood as visioned by that keen student of self, John Kents, introduces the story. A boy's nursery days, his theories of his own being, of his guardians, of his companions, and of the world living on the library shelves with glimpses of beautiful, inexorable nature fill Book One. In Book Two, the boy is seen at school, and in the vacations of a homeless, penniless youngster with his sphere ever widening about him. His self-realization comes through music, religion, and studying classics, and a boy's sorrows, and experiences, and it is a very fine fellow whom the reader leaves confronted by Oxford life with a "strange sensation of beginning it all over again." Mr. Mackenzie has

not spared labor or pains in his writing and his readers will find him continuously at his best in "Youth's Encounter." D. Appleton and Company.

"Old Valentines: A Love Story" by Munson Havens (Houghton Mifflin Co.), introduces a new writer to lovers of clean and sunny fiction, and one, who, if he can keep at this level, will be welcomed as often as he chooses to write. "Baby Phyllis," who enters the story in the first chapter, leaves it in the last, with a baby of her own in her arms. Between the two chapters runs a story of unusual charm. Phyllis is the daughter of an actress mother and a painter father whose married life is one long honeymoon, until it ends in a storm off the coast of Norway, when they drown in each other's arms; and Phyllis, a child of nine, becomes the ward of a stern uncle, Sir Peter, who had been alienated from his brother by what he regarded as an unsuitable marriage. From that time she is the light of the gloomy old house until she leaves it with her lover, under circumstances of painful misunderstanding which are discreditable to neither of them. How she comes back later, the misunderstanding removed, is prettily told. The characters are well drawn, and all of them are alive: Phyllis herself, one of the most fascinating maidens who have tripped through the pages of recent fiction; John Landless, wedded to the profession of a poet; Mr. Rowlandson, the antiquarian and book collector; Burbage and Farquharson, the devoted servants; and stern but easily-melted Sir Peter himself. The story is told in a light and assured manner, unusual in a new writer; and all within the compass of about two hundred pages of modest size. There are four illustrations from clever drawings by Griswold Tyng.

forw
is 50
order
lette
expr